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To S. W. Pratt

Wm. Lee Atwood

D. K.

THE POEMS
OF
RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS,
"Shamrock" of "The Nation."

EDITED, WITH AN
INTRODUCTION
BY THE
Author of
"LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN MARTIN,"
"LIFE OF JOHN MITCHEL," ETC.

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INTRODUCTION.

RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS, the poet whose collected works are here presented, is sufficiently well known to the Irish people to need no introduction ; but as it is hoped that his poems may be read by others as well, some account of his life may be found of interest. To those whose conception of the poet is that of an amazing compound of exalted virtue and degrading vice, his story may prove disappointing. Sir Walter Scott's last words to Lockhart were, "Be a good man, my dear!" and this it was that Williams always endeavoured to be. His lot was not the happiest in the great lottery wherein prizes are rare, and in which no one has ever yet won lasting happiness. But this did not stamp itself on his poetry, or give rise to any psychological morbidness resolving itself into questionings as to the use of life and its Living-Worthiness. On the contrary, his poems are all perfectly healthy in tone, breathing the only true philosophy—so beautifully expressed by America's poet :—

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way."

There is a sense in which biographical detail gives light to criticism ; yet, although it might be interesting to trace the influence of pedigree on his poetry, still for the purpose of this narrative it is sufficient to state that Williams was born in Dublin on the 8th of October, 1822. It was, however, in Grenanstown, a romantic spot, "meet nurse for a poetic child," at the foot of the Tipperary mountains, that his childhood and early youth were passed. Here, although he never knew a father's love, a mother's tender care watched over him, and he in turn loved her deeply. She it was who instilled into his young mind those excellent principles of goodness and truth, and that solid piety, "the soul's securest guard," for which he was so remarkable all through life.

He was first sent to the Jesuit School of St. Stanislaus, at Tullabeg, where, he tells us, he was sufficiently acquainted with the *ferula* of the then prefect, Father Meagher, uncle of Thomas Francis Meagher. Here his master was the Rev. Dr. Taylor, a very distinguished professor, who subsequently became Parish Priest of Maryborough, where he died in 1876. Having completed his preparatory course, Williams *passed to St. Patrick's College, Carlow, which he entered in 1839, at which time the Very Rev.*

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Andrew Fitzgerald was president. He studied here for some years, and even at this early age began to write poetry. Some of those juvenile pieces were considered of sufficient merit to obtain a place in a Book of Honour kept in the College wherein were enshrined such compositions, prose and verse, of the students as were worthy of preservation. His youthful productions which have been thus preserved number ten, and include two attempts in blank verse which, however, he never afterwards essayed. None of these productions find a place in this volume, for however interesting they may be considered as *juvenilia*, it is not just that the efforts of the young in trying their wings should be regarded after they have learned to soar. What good use he had made of this period of apprenticeship to the Muses is clearly evidenced by the excellence of his first published contribution to poetry: the famous "Munster War Song," which appeared in the *Nation* for the 7th of January, 1843. This poem was directly inspired by Thomas Davis's "Lament for Owen Roe," which was instrumental in discovering to Davis that he had the poetic gift, and in stimulating the young student to excel in the Art for which he had evinced such an aptitude. The manu-

script of this poem was signed "Shamrock,"* a *nom de plume* which the readers of the *Nation* grew to know and to love, and which was chosen by Williams because its triple leaf was symbolic to him of Faith, Hope and Love.

The favour with which this poem was received must have been somewhat of a surprise to its author; yet truly it was a brilliant achievement, and one worthy of a much older hand. It ensured him a position on the staff of the *Nation* writers, and called forth the warmest encomiums from Thomas Davis and Gavan Duffy, the editors of that journal, who assured him in the number for January 21st, 1843, that "'Shamrock' is a jewel. He cannot write too often. His verses are full of vigour, and as natural as the harp of Tara." But Williams was conscious that he could write too often, and was careful to take time in the production and polishing of his verses before sending them to the *Nation*, in which much of his early poetry appeared. Although the "Munster War Song" was his first published poem, yet an earlier one from his pen is included in this volume,—it is the poem entitled

* It was published, without a signature, as No. 3 of "*Songs of the Nation*."

"Erin," which he wrote in October, 1841, but which was never printed in the *Nation* or in any collection of his poems. He also contributed to the *Evening Tablet* and to Duffy's *Irish Catholic Magazine* over the initials D. N. S., the final letters of his name.

His next appearance in the *Nation* was on the 25th of February, 1843, with the pathetic "Adieu to Innisfail," which for him proved to be somewhat of a prophecy. In this month of February he also wrote "The Voice of June," which he sent to the *Nation* along with the "Adieu to Innisfail," but, owing to its length, space could not be found for it at the time. It is not to be supposed, however, that Williams contemplated devoting himself exclusively to the making of verses, an occupation which, while doubtless fascinating, is apt to make the dreamer rather than the worker, and as medicine was the field in which he proposed to labour, he came to Dublin in March, 1843, and began his attendance at the School of Medicine. While pursuing his studies for this profession he was connected with St. Vincent's Hospital in Stephen's Green. Here it was that he received inspiration for two of his most beautiful ballads: "The Sister of Charity," and "The Dying Girl." To have written

these two alone would have constituted his claim to the title of poet—the beauty of thought and the felicity of diction alike command our admiration, while the pathos of the latter goes straight to the heart.

It is to those medical student days in Dublin that we owe the series of mirthful verses which he called the “Misadventures of a Medical Student,” and into which he worked the most fantastically humorous notions, combined with a free use of medical terminology, Latin abbreviations, and Greek compounds. Of these verses it may be said that while innocently gay, they have wit combined with a native ease and grace. In them he gave vent to his talent for parody, and freely parodied, amongst others, Byron and Bulwer Lytton, but his most daring feats in this direction are his parodies of Davis’s “Oh! for a Steed!” O’Hagan’s “Dear Land,” and Clarence Mangan’s “Time of the Barmecides”—the latter is undoubtedly the best, having caught exactly the spirit and pathos of the great original, and makes us almost forgive the irreverence in its very audacity. Those who are familiar with Drayton’s “Battle of Agincourt” will recognise *a perfect travesty* of the manner of that ballad in the “*Romance in Real Life*,” but Williams

also used this impressive metre with striking effect in some of his serious poems.

In high contrast to those *facetiae* are his religious pieces, foremost amongst which must be placed his exquisite translations, or paraphrases rather, of the "Dies Iræ" and of the "Adoro Te Devote." His rendering of the "Stabat Mater," while in many respects excellent, is somewhat spoiled by the two first grandly simple words being withheld too long. These translations he undertook at the special request of the nuns of the hospital, who have shown their appreciation of them by incorporating them in their "Manual of Devotions." The metre used by Williams in the "Dies Iræ" is the same, it will be observed, as his "King Brian's March to Clontarf," and accords perfectly with the dirge-like cadence of the original. The critical reader who would like to contrast other versions of this wonderful hymn will find an admirable translation, in the metre of the original, in *Blackwood's Magazine* for March, 1860, by an English Protestant Clergyman, the Rev. Philip Stanhope Worseley: another that may be mentioned is by John O'Hagan (justly famous for his magnificent translation of the "*Chanson de Roland*"), and which will be found in the *Irish Monthly*, vol. ii., p. 136. Before passing

from the mention of Williams' sacred poems, it is impossible to resist drawing attention to the two very remarkable outbursts of lyrical piety, "Before the Blessed Sacrament," and "Contrition and Adoration." These beautiful pieces, replete as they are with religious feeling and poetic grace, would add lustre to the fame of a greater poet. Reading them we are fain to regret that their author was unable to lead a life of lettered ease in which he could have done full justice to his intellect, and poured his spirit forth in songs that would never die.

Williams on his advent in Dublin was received into the inner circle of "Young Ireland," soon to be carried along by the wave of revolutionary excitement that swept over Europe, scattering dynasties and shaking thrones to their very foundations. The prose articles in the *Nation* became more vigorous, the poetry more fervid—Davis and Williams putting their whole souls into their ballads and war-songs. The clash of arms could almost be heard as one read these soul-stirring effusions. In the midst of all this, death struck Thomas Davis down—Davis the foremost among that heroic band who never yielded, though foredoomed to fail. *Then came the Famine* with all its attendant horrors, and black despair seemed about to

settle over the land, when JOHN MITCHEL established the *United Irishman* newspaper, and with burning soul and flashing pen endeavoured to rouse the people from their lethargy. Never, before or since, in Irish journalism has there been such brilliant writing as for sixteen weeks illumined the pages of that historic paper. The crisis thus precipitated came, and Mitchel's paper was suppressed. "Patriotism once felt to be a duty becomes so." No sooner was the *United Irishman* suppressed than two other papers took its place. John Martin established the *Irish Felon*, Williams and Kevin Izod O'Dogherty (another young medical student), the *Irish Tribune*, the first number of which appeared on the 10th of June, 1848. The evangel preached by Mitchel was further propagated in these two journals; but not for long, for after a brief career of six weeks the *Irish Tribune* was suppressed, and on the 16th of July Williams was arrested at his residence, 35 Mountpleasant Square, Ranelagh, but his trial did not take place until the 2nd of November. Judge Torrens and Judge Crampton presided at the Commission, whereat he was charged with treason-felony, in having compassed, imagined, or intended to depose and levy

war against the Queen, by the publication of certain articles in the *Irish Tribune*. Against this charge he was defended by Sir (then Mr.) Samuel Ferguson, Sir Colman O'Loughlen, and Mr. (afterwards Judge) O'Hagan. That our poet should have had enlisted in his defence two such true poets as John O'Hagan and Sir Samuel Ferguson was a peculiarly happy incident; the latter's speech for the defence was manly, eloquent, and judicious, and well calculated to promote the interests of his client. In the result the jury found a verdict of Not Guilty, and, in closing the Commission, the judges ordered that Williams should be set at liberty. The previous day O'Dogherty had been convicted and sentenced to transportation for ten years: a similar sentence was passed on John Martin. Thus closed in disaster Williams' brief participation in Irish political journalism. The funds required for the enterprise were supplied by a young Dublin doctor named Antisell, who also contributed to the literary department of the paper, as did the celebrated John Savage, who died in New York on the 9th of October, 1888.

In the first number of the *Tribune* appeared the poem entitled "The Irish National Guard to his Sister," in which occur the lines—

“Chain-breaking Liberty, at whose command,
For weal or woe, to felon-chains or slaughter,
I do devote myself for this dear land.”

But perhaps the finest poetry that Williams wrote about this period was the striking ballad, “Lord of Hosts,” which appeared in John Mitchel’s *United Irishman* on the 20th of May, 1848, and the touching “Kyrie Eleison,” a lay of the Famine, which he wrote for Duffy’s *Irish Catholic Magazine*. This poem has been enshrined by Miss Annie Keary in one of the most affecting passages in her famous novel, “Castle Daly,” in which she makes her heroine, Ellen Daly, read it “with a face wet with tears.”

It was with a spirit much subdued that Williams resumed his medical studies after the collapse of his trial. His worldly circumstances, never the best, were now worse than ever, and his proud spirit prevented him from letting his friends know his condition. That sense of humour to which we owe the “Misadventures of a Medical Student” never deserted him, however, for we find him saying that bread-and-water was not so bad if one could get enough of it. Having finished his studies in Dublin he proceeded to Edinburgh on the 31st of July, 1849, and there took out *his diploma*. On his return to Dublin in

November of the same year he became attached for some time to Stevens' Hospital ; but his literary tastes were still a distraction, notwithstanding that he said in a letter to Denis Florence MacCarthy, dated from 4 Hamilton Row, 23rd November, 1849 :—" I am too well aware that in me the fire of song is extinct for ever, and has left me only very bitter ashes." Truly, " the heart knoweth its own bitterness."

Early in 1851 he resolved to become an exile in the greater Ireland beyond the sea. " The mournful exile's song is now for me to learn," sang another Irish poet, and it was with this feeling full upon him that Williams wrote " Come with me o'er Ohio." This poem appeared in the *Nation* for the 1st of March, 1851, and in June of that year he left his native land behind him for ever. Those readers who would like to picture to the mind's eye the man as he was at this time may be interested to know that he was slightly above the middle height, his face pale and thoughtful in expression, rather good-looking than handsome, and being weak-sighted he wore spectacles. In manner he was gentle, and reserved almost to shyness, but in congenial society a very *pleasant companion*. At those re-unions and *weekly suppers which the " Young Ireland " circle*

used to hold at each other's residence, he was one of the gayest of an exceedingly gay party, not infrequently would he sing for them some of his own compositions, which were thus first introduced to an expectant and appreciative audience.

In America Williams made his first home in Alabama. Here he obtained a professorship of Belles-Lettres in the Jesuit College, at Spring Hill, Mobile, which he held for some years. In a letter written from here on the 11th of December, 1853, to the Rev. Stephen Anster Farrell, whom Williams knew in Dublin as a Curate in Francis Street, but who afterwards became a Jesuit, we find the old humour breaking out again. "I wish," he says, "you could send us an Irish Father, a scholastic, or even a novice. If he have an eye for *colour*, scarlet fever, yellow ditto, and blue cholera, afford a striking variety which can be admired at leisure. The curious in ophiology can also make a brilliant and entirely unlimited collection. 'Here's a fine opening for a young man,' as Curtius said of the chasm in the Forum." From Mobile he paid occasional visits to Havanna and to New Orleans, and in the latter city he made the acquaintance of a *Mrs. Connolly*, a widow lady of Irish

birth, and closely connected with the Irish families of Brooke, Cuthbert, and O'Hara. With her daughter, Elizabeth, he fell in love, and it is to her that the lines "To Isabel," which appear now for the first time in his works, were addressed. The poet's love was returned, and they were married at New Orleans on the 8th of September, 1856. He then resigned his professorship, and made his home in New Orleans, having decided to resume his practice of the medical profession, which he then successfully carried on for some years. During these years he occasionally contributed to American magazines and journals, and also sent some pieces to the old *Nation*, but the greater part of his literary work was done previous to 1851.

He had four children, one son and three daughters, two of whom are dead; the youngest, Katie, is the subject of the "Lines" on page 303.

The climate of New Orleans had much to do with the breaking up of his health, which in 1860 induced him to seek change, first at Baton Rouge (the then capital city, about 130 miles above New Orleans), and *finally at Thibodeaux*, also in Louisiana, in *which town he was residing at the outbreak*

of the Civil War. While here he wrote his last poem, entitled "Song of the Irish-American Regiments," breathing all his old patriotism; and here he died of consumption on the 5th of July, 1862. On the following 8th of October he would have completed his fortieth year. As he had prophesied at the outset of his career he indeed "slumbers in a foreign tomb," but not in a nameless or a noteless one; for those Irish-American soldiers, whose sentiments he had so recently expressed in song, hearing of his death, sought out his grave, and finding it all but unmarked subscribed amongst them for the purchase of a beautiful monument of Carrara marble which they erected over his last resting place, and which bears this graceful and eloquent inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS,
THE IRISH PATRIOT AND POET,
WHO DIED JULY 5TH, 1862. AGED 40 YEARS.
THIS STONE WAS ERECTED BY HIS COUNTRYMEN SERVING
IN COMPANIES C AND K, 8TH REGT., N.H. VOLUNTEERS,
AS A SLIGHT TESTIMONIAL OF THEIR ESTEEM
FOR HIS UNSULLIED PATRIOTISM AND HIS EXALTED
DEVOTION
TO THE CAUSE OF IRISH FREEDOM.

This touching incident has been commemorated in verse by another Irish poet, who also "lies far off beyond the wave"—Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

Such is the life-story of Richard D'Alton Williams, physician, journalist, and poet, who gave to the service of the poor and his country those talents with which heaven had endowed him. We say talent whereas we might say genius, for little less than genius could have given us such beautiful and heart-stirring lyrics as are to be found within the compass of this small volume. Into the merits of his poems it is not now needful to enter critically. Poetry with him was a passion, not a fashion. His poems were not, as is the dainty privilege of these days, given to the public in small doses,—rivulets of text in meadows of margin; they even appeared occasionally in the "Answers to Correspondents" column of newspapers, where indeed some of Mangan's first saw the light. Like Mangan he had a marvellous command of rhythm, but unlike him his poetry, while the genuine outpouring of a nature that could feel tenderly and love deeply, was not wrung from the depths of a heart filled with *abiding sorrow*. His pathos, however, is *genuine*; *no false or sickly sentiment*, but obviously

gushing straight from the heart;—not even Robert Burns has written anything more pathetic than “The Dying Girl,” which it is difficult to read without tears. His national and patriotic ballads while little, if anything, inferior in spirit to those of Thomas Davis, are more finished than his, although he was not prone to labour at the embellishing of what he wrote.

“ With native eloquence he soars along,
Grace in his thoughts and music in his song.”

Had he been an ambitious poet he would, doubtless, have devoted to the polishing of his verses those hours which, snatched from a life of toil, he gave to the visiting and alleviating the sufferings of the Sick Poor in his capacity of member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, then just introduced into Ireland from France, and which he was one of the first to aid in establishing in Dublin.

Sir Samuel Ferguson, himself a poet of distinction and no mean critic of poetry, declared Williams to be, after Moore, one of the first of Irish poets; but in awarding him a niche in Ireland’s Temple of Fame it need not mean the displacement of any that are already there. *It is always rash to attempt to assign the place*

of any poet, especially in these days when, to borrow Swift's phrase, "every fool his claim alleges" to the title. Dr. Johnson says: "By the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours." And the same high authority assures us that "Time quickly puts an end to artificial and accidental fame." From these tests of time and common sense D'Alton Williams' fame has nothing to fear. Thirty-two years have rolled by since he was laid in his grave, and "Ireland, mother of sweet singers," still cherishes his poems as a precious heritage. As one of the sweetest singers of the *Nation*—the journal that "breathed a soul into Ireland"—his works are deserving of that permanent place in Irish Literature to which it is safe to say they have now attained.

P. A. S.

DUBLIN, *May*, 1894.

Poems of Richard Dalton Williams.

THE NATION'S VALENTINE.

TO THE LADIES OF IRELAND.

"I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own, the burning tear-drop laves
To think such breasts must suckle slaves."

—BYRON.

I.

OH, Daughters of Erin ! while liberty hovers,
Like the dove of the Ark, o'er the flood of
our tears,
'Tis yours to brace on the chainmail of your
lovers,
And broider gay streamers to float from
their spears.

II.

Unsullied and soft as the snow's infant winglets
Is the bosom of her who is muse of our song;
And her melting eyes shine through dark
clouds of rich ringlets,
With a soul that to Emmet's first love might
belong.

III.

And though scarcely the seraphs that smiling
watch o'er her,
More fondly—more truly can love in the
skies,
Yet not her's is the wish to behold her adorer
Forget his land's wrongs in the light of her
eyes.

IV.

Yes ! thine is the fire that, now sacredly glow-
ing,
Impels my wrapt soul to bright liberty's
shrine,
The wave was congeal'd till thy breath set it
flowing—
God gave the lyre, but to tune it was thine.

V.

Oh, woman ! our load-star, whose worship for
ever,
Gives strength to the sword—inspiration to
song—
The hour thou wilt aid thine own fetters to
sever,
Not earth's banded tyrants our thrall can
prolong.

VI.

Withdraw, then, thy presence, from pleasure's
 gay bowers,
And smile but on him who braves danger
 and toil.
Thus beauty and virtue, asserting their powers,
 Shall more than atone for the false Devor-
 ghoil.

VII.

Irresistible loveliness, wouldst thou but cherish
 The patriot virtues, at once we are free ;
But desert thou, or shrink, and as surely we
 perish—
For man takes the tone of his spirit from thee.

VIII.

Then, oh ! if you'd teach us once more to re-
 cover
 The glory that erst shed its light on your
 brow,
Rend away from your lutes the soft strings of
 the lover,
And sing us no songs but of FATHERLAND
 now.

IX.

A spirit is moving in light o'er the waters,
 And he shouts through the stormy applause
 of the waves,
*'How long, beloved land, shall thy glorious daughters
 Be consorts or mothers of spiritless slaves ?'*

X.

Oh, rock-girdled Freedom ! adored by the
 Roman,
 In woman's dear form descend on our fanes,
 And the mountains shall dance at the fall of
 the foeman,
 To earth's heav'nliest music—the breaking of
 chains.

THE GATHERING OF LEINSTER.

A.D. 1643.

I.

SERF ! with thy fetters o'erladen,
 Why crouch you in dastardly woe ?
 Why weep o'er thy chains like a maiden,
 Nor strike for thy manhood a blow ?
 Not thus would our fathers bemoan us—
 When Tyranny raised the lash, then
They practised the "Lex Talionis"
Of Feidlim, and lash'd it again.

II.

For *this* did they humble the Roman,
 And was it, pale Helots, in vain
 That Malachy trampled the foeman,
 And Brian uprooted the Dane ?
 Ye Kings of our Isle's olden story,
 Bright spirits of demi-god men !
 We swear by the graves of your glory
 To strike like your children again.

III.

Tho' beside us no more in the trial
 The swords of our forefathers wave,
 The multiplied soul of O'Nial
 Has flashed through our patriot Brave.
 By each rock where our proud heroes slumber,
 Each grove where the grey Druid sung,
 No foreigner's chain shall encumber
 The race from such ancestors sprung.

IV.

Ye swords of the kingly Temora,
 Exalt the bright green of your sod—
 The hue of the mantle of Flora—
 The Emerald banner of God !
 Leave, reaper, the fruits of thy labour—
 Spare, huntsman, the prostrated game,
 Till the ploughshare is wrought to a sabre
 To carve out this plague-spot of shame.

V.


Rush down from the mountain, fortalice—
From banquet, and bridal, and bier—
From ruin of cloister, and palace,
Arise! with the torch and the spear!
By the ties and the hopes that we cherish—
The loves and the shrines we adore,
High heaven may doom us to perish—
But, *never to slavery more!*

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

GOOD FRIDAY, 1014.

As the world's Redeemer hung
On a tree this day to save,
In His love, each tribe and tongue
From the thralldom of the grave,
We vow—attest, ye Heavens!—by His gore,
To snap the damning chain
Of this Christ-blaspheming Dane
Who defiles each holy fane we adore.

But—death to Erin's pride—
Amid Sitric's host behold
Malmordha's squadron ride,
Who betray, for Danish gold,



Their country, virtue, fame, and their souls ;
 " False traitors ! by the rood,
 Ye shall weep such waves of blood
As in winter's spring-tide flood ocean rolls."

Thus spoke our wrathful king
 As he drew Kincora's sword,
And abroad he bade them fling
 The emblazonry adored—
The mystic sun arising on the gale ;
 And a roar of joy arose
 As they bent a wood of bows,
On thy godless robber foes, Innisfail !

The fierce Vikinger now
 On the dreadful Odin calls,
And the gods of battle bow
 From Valhalla's cloudy halls,
And bend them o'er the dim " feast of shells."
 But, like drops of tempest rain,
 The innumerable slain
Of the traitor and the Dane strew the dells.

Clontarf ! a sea of blood
 Rushes purple from thy shore,
And the billow's rising flood
 Is repelled by waves of gore,

That fling a sanguine blush o'er the tide.

We have drawn the sacred sword

Of green Eire and the Lord,
And have crushed the sea-kings' horde in their
pride.

Rise ! Ruler of the North !

Terrific Odin rise !

Let thy stormy laughter forth

Burst in thunder from the skies—

Prepare, for heroes slain, harp and shell !

For we crowd thy feast to-night

With the flower of ocean's might,

Who, in Freedom's burning sight, blasted fell !

There lie the trampled Dane,

And the traitor prince's band

Who could brook a foreign chain

On the green Milesian land,

Where immortal beauty reigns evermore ;

And the surf is bloody red

Where the proud barbarian bled,

Or with terror wingèd fled from our shore.

Such ever be the doom

Of the tyrant and the slave—

Be their dark unhonoured tomb

'Neath the falchions of the brave,

Who, fired with freedom's soul, clasp the brand
O goddess thrice divine !
Be our isle again thy shrine,
And renew the soul of Brian through the land !

THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST.

O'ER the Rath of Mullaghmast,
On the solemn midnight blast,
What bleeding spectres passed,
 With their gashed breasts bare ?
Hast thou heard the fitful wail
That o'erloads the sullen gale,
When the waning moon shines pale
 O'er the curst ground there ?

Hark ! hollow moans arise
Through the black tempestuous skies,
And curses, strife, and cries,
 From the lone Rath swell ;
For bloody Sydney there
Nightly fills the lurid air
With th' unholy pomp and glare
 Of the foul, deep hell.

He scorches up the gale,
With his knights, in fiery mail ;
And the banners of the Pale

O'er the red ranks rest.

But a wan and gory band
All apart and silent stand,
And they point th' accusing hand
At that hell-hound's crest !

Red streamlets, trickling slow,
O'er their clotted *cuilins* flow,
And still and awful woe

On each pale brow weeps—
Rich bowls bestrew the ground,
And broken harps around,
Whose once enchanting sound
In the bard's blood sleeps.

False Sydney ! knighthood's stain,
The trusting brave in vain—

Thy guests—ride o'er the plain
To thy dark cow'rd snare.

Flow'r of Offaly and Leix,
They have come thy board to grace—
Fools ! to meet a faithless race
Save with true swords bare.

While cup and song abound,
The triple lines surround
The closed and guarded mound,
 In the night's dark noon.
Alas ! too brave O'More,
Ere the revelry was o'er
They have spilled thy young heart's gore,
 Snatched from love too soon !

At the feast, unarmèd all,
Priest, bard, and chieftain fall
In the treacherous Saxon's hall,
 O'er the bright wine-bowl ;
And now nightly round the board,
With unsheath'd and reeking sword,
Strides the cruel felon lord
 Of the blood-stained soul.

Since that hour the clouds that passed
O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast
One tear have never cast
 On the gore-dyed sod ;
For the shower of crimson rain
That o'erflowed that fatal plain
Cries aloud, and not in vain,
 To the most high God.

Though the Saxon snake unfold
At thy feet his scales of gold,
And vow thee love untold,
 Trust him not, Green Land !
Touch not with gloveless clasp
A coiled and deadly asp,
But with strong and guarded grasp
 In your steel-clad hand.

THE LION AND THE SERPENT.

AN ARMS-BILL FABLE.

IN days of old the Serpent came
To the Lion's rocky hall,
And the forest king spread the sward with game,
And they drank at the torrent's fall ;
And the Serpent saw that the woods were fair,
And she longed to make her dwelling there.

But she saw that her host had a knack of his
own

At tearing a sinew or cracking a bone,
And had grinders unpleasantly strong ;
So she said to herself : " I'll bamboozle the king
With my plausible speech, and all that sort of
thing,

That, since Eve, to my people belong."

"Those claws and those grinders must certainly
be

Inconvenient to you as they're dreadful to me—

Draw 'em out, like a love, I'm so 'frighted !
And, then, since I've long had an amorous eye on
Yourself and your property, dear Mr. Lion,
We can be (spare my blushes) *united*."

So subtle the power of her poisonous kisses,
So deadly to honour the falsehood she hisses,

The Lion for once is an ass.

Before her, disarmed, the poor simpleton stands;
The union's proclaimed, but the hymen'al bands
Are ponderous fetters of brass.

The Lion, self-conquered, is chained on the
ground,

And the breath of his tyrant sheds poison around
The fame and the life of her slave.

How long in his torture the stricken king lay
Historians omit, but 'tis known that one day
The serpent began to look grave.

For, when passing, as usual, her thrall with a
sneer,

She *derisively* hissed some new taunt in his ear,
He shook all his chains with a roar ;

And, observing more closely, she saw with much
pain,
That his tusks and his claws were appearing
again,
A fact she'd neglected before.

From that hour she grew *dang'rously civil*, indeed,
And declared he should be, ere long, totally freed
From every dishonouring chain.

“The moment, my *dearest*, our friend, the Fox,
draws

Those nasty sharp things from your Majesty's
jaws,

You must bound free as air o'er the plain.”

But the captive sprang from his dungeon floor,
And he bowed the woods with a scornful roar,

And his burning eyes flashed flame ;

And as echo swelled the shout afar,

The stormy joys of freedom's war,

O'er the blast of the desert came.

And the Lion laughed, and his mirth was loud
As the stunning burst of a thunder cloud,

And he shook his wrathful mane ;

And hollow sounds from his lashed sides come,
Like the sullen roll of a 'larum drum—

He snapped like a reed the chain,

And the Serpent saw that her reign was o'er,

And, hissing, she fled from the Lion's roar.

LAMENT FOR CLARENCE MANGAN.

“ Oft with tears I’ve groaned to God for pity,
Oft gone wandering till my way grew dim,
Oft sang unto Him a prayerful ditty,
Oft, all lonely in this throngful city,
 Raised my soul to Him ;
And from path to path His mercy tracked me,
 From many a peril snatched He me,
When false friends pursued, betrayed, attacked me,
When gloom overdarked, and sickness racked me,
 He was by to save and free.”—
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

YES ! happy friend, the cross was thine ; ’tis
o’er a sea of tears

Predestined souls must ever sail to reach their
native spheres.

May Ohrist, the crowned of Calvary, who died
upon a tree,

Bequeath His tearful chalice and His bitter
cross to me.

The darkened land is desolate—a wilderness of
graves—

Our purest hearts are prison-bound, our exiles
on the waves ;

Gaunt Famine stalks the blasted plains—the
pestilential air

O’erhangs the gasp of breaking hearts or still-
ness of despair.

The ebbing blood of Ireland is shed by foreign
streams,
Where our kinsmen wake lamenting when they
see her in their dreams.
Oh! happy are the peaceful dead—'tis not for
them we weep
Whose troubled spirits rest at length in calmly
laurelled sleep.

No chains are on thy folded hands, no tears be-
dim thine eyes,
But round thee bloom celestial flowers in ever
tranquil skies,
While o'er our dreams thy mystic songs, faint,
sad, and solemn, flow,
Like light that left the distant stars ten thousand
years ago.

How sweet thy harp on every string—wild,
tender, mirthful, grand,
Of fairy pranks, of war, or love, or bleeding
Fatherland;
And long the mournful caoina of Tyrconnell and
Tyrone
Like midnight waves on caverned coasts around
their tombs shall moan.

Still "boating down the Bosphorus," with thee
we gaily go,
And still the "elfin mariners" o'er tiny brook-
lets row,
The phantom "Lady Agnes" still roams in
awful woe,
And Irish hearts o'er "Cahal Mor" and "Roisin
Dubh" shall glow.

Thou wert a voice of God on earth—of those
prophetic souls
Who hear the fearful thunder in the Future's
womb that rolls,
And the warnings of the angels, as the mid-
night hurried past,
Rushed in upon thy spirit, like a ghost-o'erladen
blast.

Then the woes of coming judgment on thy
tranced vision burst,
To call immortal vengeance on an age and land
accurst ;
For where is Faith, or Purity, or Heaven in us
now ?
In power alone the times believe—to gold alone
they bow.

If any shade of earthliness bedimmed thy spirit's
wings,
Well cleansed thou art in sorrow's ever-salutary
springs ;
And even bitter suffering, and still more bitter
sin,
Shall only make a soul like thine more beautiful
within.

For every wound that humbles, if it do not all
destroy,
Shall nerve the heart for nobler deeds, and fit
for purer joy ;
As the demigod of fable-land, as olden legends
say,
Rose up more strong and valorous each time he
touched the clay.

And wisely was a weakness with thine ecstasies
allied—
Thus Heaven would save a favourite child from
God-dethroning pride,
And teach the star-land dreamer that his
visioned Milky Way
Is but the feeble reflex of his Sire's transmitted
ray.

As aforetime the apostle wept to bear an earthly
thorn,
While his raptured spirit floated through the
portals of the morn ;
For bards, like saints, have secret joys none
other mortals know,
And He who loves would chasten them in weak-
ness and in woe.

Tears deck the soul with virtues, as soft rains
the flow'ry sod,
And the inward eyes are purified for clearer
dreams of God ;
'Tis sorrow's hand the temple-gates of holiness
unbars ;
By day we only see the earth, 'tis night reveals
the stars.

Alas ! alas ! the minstrel's fate ! his life is short
and drear,
And if he win a wreath at last, 'tis but to shade
a bier ;
His harp is fed with wasted life—to tears its
numbers flow—
And strung with chords of broken hearts is
dream-land's splendid woe.

But now—a cloud, a cloud transfigured, all
luminous, auroral—
Thou joinest the Trisagion of choired immortals
choral,
While all the little discords here but render
more sublime
The joybells of the universe from starry chime
to chime.

O Father of the harmonies eternally that roll
Life, light, and love to trilled suns, receive
the poet's soul !
And bear him in Thy bosom from this vale of
tears and storms
To swell the sphere-hymns thundered from the
rushing starry swarms.

In sacred lustre rolling where the constellated
throngs
Peal down through heaven's chasmata unutter-
able songs,
And myriad-peopled systems—beneath, around,
above—
*Resound with admiration—reverberate with
love.*

Sleep, happy friend ! The cross was thine—'tis
o'er a sea of tears
Predestined souls must ever sail to reach their
native spheres.
May Christ, the crowned of Calvary, who died
upon a tree,
Vouchsafe His tearful chalice and His bitter
cross to me !

DEDICATION OF THE HARP OF
"THE NATION."

LORD GOD ! from whom all minstrelsy of men
and angels springs,
Behold, the harp Thou gavest, Thy lowliest
creature brings,
And casts it down adoringly before Thine awful
shrine,
A suppliant beseeching Thee to make it wholly
Thine.
Oh ! cleanse, as erst Isaiah's lips were cleansed
with living fire,
From every dross of earthliness the consecrated
lyre ;

To Thee and Erin only, O God of Freedom!
swell

Henceforth the hallowed breathings of the
"sacred island shell."

The judgment-speaking thunder-bolt goes forth
at Thy command,

And shouts the exulting hurricane along the
groaning land ;

And Thine the mighty melodies o'er arming
lands that roll,

When fettered man upsprings to wrench the
iron from his soul !

Oh ! flash Thy smiles resplendently, thrice holy
King of Kings !

And let Thy altar yield its flame to light the
quivering strings,

And each rich flood of ecstasy that falls from
Eden, then,

Back to its source in canticles of praise shall
flow again.

"Thy prayer is heard—descending, behold the
sacred fire,

*And angel music breaking from out the trem-
bling lyre.*

Take down yon aged *clarseach* that sobs upon
the gale,
And pour the flood of Freedom's song o'er
listening Innisfail."
Lo! the Supreme hath smiled on her whose
raptured heart and lyre
Hath sweetest sung to Him of all the bright
seraphic choir,
And swiftly down the steeps of Heaven she
cleaves the yielding wind,
And flashing thoughtlike from the Throne,
leaves rushing worlds behind.

She paused—oh! how divine thou art! of
heaven the fairest fair;
And where Thy radiant presence is, the smile
of God is there.
Yes! SONG descended gloriously—I saw the
seraph glide
In pure, unearthly loveliness all beaming to
my side;
A fragrant breeze harmoniously around her
pinions flowed,
And starry sparks of emerald fire from zone
and chaplet glowed.

O loveliest of the daughters of the angel-bearing spheres !

One glimpse of Thy sweet smile repays the agony of years.

And sure as heaven communes with man, and bows to sorrow's pow'r,

Embodied Melody to me was visible that hour ;
And oft in haunted slumberings my chainless spirit sees

That glorious vision undulate in music on the breeze,

While green-robed bards encircle her—the spirits of our sires—

And, bending down from rosy clouds, attune celestial lyres.

The world may mock or misconceive the minstrel's wayward heart,

And icy Wisdom frown upon his melancholy art ;
But Song, upon her eagle-wings, shall bear him oft above,

All buoyant with enchanted dreams of freedom, heaven, and love ;

And thou thyself, immortal queen ! *his* deathless bride shalt be,

Who, spurning gold and braving chains, still *fondly worships thee !*

THE VISION.

A NATIONAL ODE.

WHERE iron rocks tow'r o'er
Th' Atlantic billows' roll,
Prophetic muses bore
The poet's raptured soul ;
And Freedom rose in light from the spray.
Behold her swiftly glide
O'er the strong and reinless tide,
And the surges' swelling pride round her play !

Sublime the steeds rush on,
Till panting next they stand
On the brow of Slieve-na-Mon,
In the Sparta of our land ;
And the stormy hills are moved at the sound.
From Cashel's royal rock
To Benburb is felt the shock,
And the startled eagles flock, screaming round.

As she moves along the plain,
Like the march of ocean's wave,
Our martyred heroes slain
Rise in armour from the grave,

And they clash their phantom shields on the
gale,

The fires of rage and shame,
Through their visors barred that came,
Wrapt in wild unearthly flame hill and vale.

From a throne of trampled crowns,
On a mount of broken chains,
The Aventine goddess frowns
O'er the desolated plains
Where of old a tyrant's horde plied the lash.
She flung her brazen shield
On the far illumined field,
And the lofty mountains reeled with the clash.

Clouds distent with gore
Above her darkly hang—
Lightnings leap before,
Around her thunders clang,
And marshalled tempests roar like the sea.
Her splendour fills the air,
And the nations, in its glare,
By their broken altars swear to be free.

Then our iron fetters fall
Like poisoned weeds around,
And lie inky as a pall
On the stained and loathing ground ;

And the carrion-birds of heaven o'er them sail,
While the sound of joyful bells
On the laughing zephyr swells
From thy glorious emerald dells, Innisfail.

The sounding woods rejoice,
And the waves around thee sing,
And the tones of Freedom's voice
Through thy ruined turrets ring ;
And thy buried monarchs smile from the spheres.
And many a hallowed name,
That long slept in silent shame,
Now in characters of flame bright appears.

Ul-Erin laughs above,
O'er Shannon's wave below,
And songs of joy and love
Swell the melting airs that blow,
Enamoured lingering long near thy shore ;
Around dear Freedom's shrine
Thy dewy shamrocks twine,
And resound thy harps divine evermore !

A PROPHECY.

TRIBUTARY powers ! assemble, while I sing our
tyrant's fall ;

Thou, too, proud one ! hear and tremble, 'tis
the writing on the wall.

Long time hast thou ruled the surges and the
land with iron rod,

Wielding in thy grasp the scourges of a justly
wrathful God !

Vainly did the nations brave thee—kings be-
fore thee bend the knee,

For the Lord of battles gave thee empire on
the subject sea.

Few in virtue then could mate thee, Europe
vied thy fame to swell ;

Even I, who curse and hate thee, love thy
former worth to tell.

Now thou art a sink of evil—a serpent's nest—
a tiger's den—

An iron crowned and armed devil, "having
power to torture men."

Aged tyrant ! crime-o'erladen—Moloch ! gorged
with blood and tears

*Of martyred brave and ruined maiden ! mur-
deress of a thousand years !*

Rapid ruin is without thee, putrid is thy heart
 within,
 All the world in arms about thee, and above
 the Judge of Sin !
 Whither leads thy mad ambition? Bloated
 monster as thou art,
 Seest thou not each acquisition is a stab at
 thine own heart?

Slave of gold—with pride besotted—all thy
 sterling glory gone,
 Thy social frame, a corse half rotted, of all the
 virtues knows not one.
 When the nations fiercely pressed thee, thou
 didst deign thy serfs a smile ;
 And we raised our chains and blessed thee that
 the lash reposed awhile.

But we then should doubly sate thee with our
 best and noblest blood,
 Till 'tis virtue's crown to hate thee, foe to all
 that's pure and good !
 Harlot ! drunk with countless slaughters, bathed
 to the lips in gore,
 Weep thou by the purple waters—rule them
never shalt thou more !

See! the foreign standard's planted o'er thy
merchant-princes' halls;
And who never mercy granted now in vain for
mercy calls.
O'er thy regal marble arches, all his crimson
banners spread,
Lo! the victor fire-king marches, and they
melt beneath his tread.

Captured tower and temple labours 'gainst the
matchless strength of fire,
Whilst the clash of hostile sabres bids who
fight or fly expire.
Thro' the sacked and blazing city dome on dome
in ruin falls,
Kneel! and curse, or pray for pity—where are
now thy wooden walls?

Dar'st thou dream *we*' would embrace thee, save
with flashing sword and torch,
Though the charging Frank should chase thee
to thy last red temple's porch?
If thou dost, by heaven! thou errest; trust
me, mine are *truer* lays
*Than ever lying laureate lyrist sang, or shall
sing, to thy praise.*

'Tis no minstrel's idle dreaming—there are
signs that all may see,
Flashes from the crater gleaming tell eruption
soon must be.
Mortal darkness closes round thee, crowns are
falling from thy brow,
Deadly sin hath nine times bound thee, heaven
and earth abhor thee now.
How like Satan's is thy story, future bards shall
warping tell,
When, from splendour's power and glory, guilt
has dragged thee down to hell.

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1190.

CAN the depths of the ocean afford you not
graves,
That you come thus to perish afar o'er the
waves—
To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow
Through the valley of vengeance, the dark
Aherlow?

The clangor of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,
From the stormy Sliabh Bloom to the stately
Gailtees ;

Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Slievenamon, Gleann Colaich, and sublime
Gailtee More !

The sunburst that slumbered, embalmed in our
tears,

Tipperary ! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers ;
And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and
spear,

While one tyrant remains to forge manacles
here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain,
With a shaft in his flank, and a blood-dripping
mane—

His gallant breast labours, and glare his wild
eyes !

He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

Let the trumpets ring triumph ! the tyrant is
slain !

He reels o'er his charger, deep-pierced through
the brain ;

And his myriads are flying like leaves on the
gale—

But who shall escape from our hills with the tale ?

For the arrows of vengeance are showering like
rain,
And choke the strong rivers with islands of
slain,
Till thy waves, "lordly Shannon," all crimsonly
flow,
Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the
foe.

Ay ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly—
Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie,
And the septs of the mountains spring up from
each rock,
And rush down the ravines like wolves on the
flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Sliabh
Bloom
To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom,
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce
mountaineers
Leap along from the crags with their death-
dealing spears ?

They came with high boasting to bind us as
slaves ;
But the glen and the torrent have yawned for
their graves :

From the gloomy Ard Fionnain to wild Team-
poll Mor—

From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their
gore.

By the soul of Heremon! our warriors may
smile,

To remember the march of the foe through our
isle;

Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the Summer sun's
ray.

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with
gold,

And the gems of their helmets were bright to
behold;

By Saint Bride of Kildare! but they moved in
fair show—

To gorge the young eagles of dark Aherlow!

THE LEINSTER WAR-SONG.

BONDSMEN! Compatriots! scoff of the stranger!
Grasp the war-torch and the chain-breaking
sword;
Or crouch, like lashed hounds, at the foreigner's
manger,
And lick the red scourge of your Sassenach
lord!

Lo! thy proud chivalry, Leinster, advances!
Wildly the *Rosg-Catha** swells from the glen;
The dance of thy banners—the flash of thy
lances—
Awake Alleluiahs again and again.

Rouse-you!—for shame!—from the slumber of
ages,
Sons of the murdered, by forest and caves—
Shout like the ocean when fierce tempest rages,
Rise with the strength of ten millions of
waves!

* Literally the "Eye of Battle," the glorious "incentive to the fight," the war-song of the bard before whose "Sea of Passion" the warrior rushed to death or victory.

Light your war-brands at the flame of Kildara—
The “Sunburst” has flapped her green wings
on the gale !

Take down the harp from the ruins of Tara,
And strike forth the march of arrayed Innis-
fail !

Sound a loud hymn ; for the gathering nation,
Surging and murmuring, heaves like the sea ;
Sound ! and full soon the glad harp-strings’
vibration
Shall chime to the chorus of millions made
free !

By the crimson Clontarf, and the Liffey’s dark
water—

By shore, vale, and stream, with our hearts’
blood that runs !—

By Barrow and Boyne, conflagration and slaugh-
ter

Shall toss their red plumes in the blaze of our
guns !

Ere for life the pale dastard his liberty barter,
Let him pause—for each sod is a patriot’s
tomb ;

And if green are our vales, ’twas the blood of
our martyrs

*Enriched them for aye with that emerald
bloom.*

But go, living corse, and kneel down to the
stranger,

In thy festering cerement of infamy rolled—
Go! traitor and cow'rd, in our deadliest danger,
Sell country and soul to the Saxon for gold!

Oh! burning reproach!—to such damning prostration

Has the fetter corroded God's image away,
That, while curses and groans overwhelm the
nation,

The sneering destroyer is hailed on his way?

O'Toole and the Geraldine, Eustace, O'Farrell—
Chiefs who led Leinster to conquest of yore—
O'Byrne, MacMorragh, O'Melachlin, O'Carrol,
Plunket, and Nugent, O'Faly, O'More—

Shall we crouch on the plains where your sharp
sabres, clashing,

Lit the spring-tide of battle's magnificent flow,
As in midnight's deep gloom, o'er the stormy
wave flashing,

The bale-fires of ruin exultingly glow?

Oh ! never, by heaven ! the nation hath spoken,
“ The foul foreign idol shall fall on our plains,
If bolts forged in hell by man’s might can be
broken ;
If not, we can perish—‘ The grave has no
chains.’ ”

And sweet, for green Erin, to fall crushed and
gory,
In some vale shamrock-spangled that honour
illumes,
That valour has hallowed to freedom and glory,
And sleep, like the brave, in the proud
“ Pass of Plumes.”

WESTERN WAR-SONG.

Lo ! Freedom again hath appeared on our hills,
Already the isle her divinity fills ;
The harp wakes—the sword rattles—and kindles
the brand,
*While the breeze of her wings passeth over the
land.*

From the rock-guarded mountains—her cradle
and throne—

She moves in her splendour—she moves not
alone;

For myriads, unsheathing the chain-breaking
sword,

Now hail the bright vision long vainly adored.

The war's nightly blaze from the mountain shall
rise,

And thine oriflamme, Ruin! stream red to the
skies,

Till, numberless thronging, with torches and
swords,

We chase back to ocean these foreigner hordes.

When the foul fetter clanks on the son of the
hills,

His frame with the rage of a chafed tiger
thrills,

With clenched hand, compressed lip, and fiercely
knit brow,

Could a harness of adamant baffle him now?

No ! thirsting to madness, red vengeance will
pass,
Like the cloud's subtile fire, thro' a fortress of
brass.
Let cannon blaze round him, or white billows
flow,
He will reach thro' them all the heart's blood of
his foe.

Dost think Connemara's dark fishers can fear
The battle, who nightly thro' hurricanes steer—
Who unmoor the frail skiff from the Pins'
barren sod,
To struggle with ocean, the war-horse of God ?

From the Giant's spar caves ; from the stormy
Kilkee ;
From where Moher frowns over the fathomless
sea ;
Where the cliffs of Baltard mock the strength
of the waves,
And the tempest round Arran indignantly
raves ;

Shall come forth, to combat, a fetterless race,
Whom the rocks of the West bear to ocean's
embrace—
Whose spirits, like tempests, resistless and free,
Proclaim them the terrible sons of the sea.

Not the phalanx of Sparta, for threshold and
shrine,
More nobly has battled, my country, than thine ;
Our cause is as holy, our bosoms as true—
And Erin may have her Thermopylæ too.

IRISH WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1689.

WE come with drum and fife
And the banner of the green,
And our arms for the strife,
They are glorious in their sheen,
No cause have we to tremble, I trow—
Outnumbering the waves
O'er which the tempest raves
Let the Saxon hireling slaves
Tremble now.

Then onward while you may
Like an ocean in its might—
Let the Saxon war-trumps bray,
For God defends the right,
And on our efforts looks with a smile.
For the land of saints arise,
Spread the green flag to the skies,
And the hated tyrant flies
From our isle.

By the margin of the shore
Let our serried thousands stand
As our fathers stood of yore
'Gainst the light-haired Danish band.
Let us meet them as they come from the deep—
And the sea-bird soon shall shriek,
And the wild waves soon will break
O'er the spot where tyrants take
Their last sleep.

IRISH WAR-SONG.

BRIGHT sun, before whose glorious ray,
Our pagan fathers bent the knee ;
Whose pillar-altars yet can say
When time was young our sires were free—
Who saw'st our later days' decree—
Our matrons' tears—our patriots' gore !
We swear, before high Heaven and thee,
The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

Our sunburst on the Roman foe
Flashed vengeance once in foreign field ;
On Clontarf's plains lay scathèd low
What power the sea-kings fierce could wield ;
Benburb might say whose cloven shield
'Neath bloody hoofs was trampled o'er ;
And, by these memories high, we yield
Our limbs to Saxon chains no more !

The *clarseach* wild, whose trembling string
Had long the "song of sorrow" spoke,
Shall bid the wild *Rosg-Catha* sing
The curse and crime of Saxon yoke.
And by each heart his bondage broke—
Each exile's sigh on distant shore—
Each martyr 'neath the headsman's stroke—
The Saxon holds us slaves no more !

Send the loud war-cry o'er the main ;
Your sunburst to the breezes spread !
That slogan rends the heaven in twain ;
The earth reels back beneath your tread !
Ye Saxon despots, hear, and dread—
Your march o'er patriot hearts is o'er :
That shout hath told, that tramp hath said,
Our country's sons are slaves no more !

THE MOUNTAIN WAR-SONG.

A.D. 1690.

WAR-HARP of Erin ! I strike thee again,
To echo the challenge of mountaineer men,
While they climb the tall summits, and gazing
afar,
Shout aloud for the foeman and pant for the
war.

Islander Chivalry ! forth with the sword !
Yon cloud veils the march of a barbarous horde.
The van of the tyrant, deploying, appears—
Oh ! heard you the trumpet, Slieve Bloom
Mountaineers ?

Chase no more the wild deer—nobler game for
the brave
Is to hunt from your valleys the tyrant and
slave ;
The wolf is at bay that despoiled you long
years—
Unmuzzle the wolf-hound, Barnane Moun-
taineers !

No more shall the rifle swift eagles destroy
On the rough Gurraw Thule or the wild Clande-
boy ;
There are quarries enow for your bullets and
spears,
When the bugle sings—"Charge them !" Galtee
Mountaineers.

The flower of the mountains in panoply come,
With the pomp of the banner and roll of the
drum ;
And from pikeman to marksman—from centre
to wings—
The laughter of trumpets victoriously rings.

The curvetting chargers are prancing in pride,
And the plumes of the troopers are toss'd like
the tide,
Foul despots of Erin! alas for your chain,
When your tempest-like cavalry charge o'er the
plain.

Green pillars of Heaven! huge cloud-bearing
hills!
What crimson tinge reddens your far-flashing
rills?
And what mean the shriekings by torrent and
wood,
As when vultures exult in the perfume of
blood?

Knockanoora, the verdant, has drunk a red
rain,
And Keeper, gigantic, is burthened with slain,
And cloven the casque is, and broken the arrow,
On the blood-crusted crags of thy mountains,
Duharrow.

Woe! woe! for the tyrant—his bloodhounds
are slain,
His scourges are trampled and shiver'd the
chain;

And the monster, long drunk with our gore
and our tears,
In your fierce ire hath perished, arrayed Moun-
taineers !

12th August, 1843.

THE CAPTIVITY.

IN the holy midnight hour,
When the soul expands her wings,
And, eluding matter's power,
To her native Heaven springs,
I gazed upon the earth from the spheres :
A calm is on the deeps,
And the land in silence sleeps,
Save where Erin's genius weeps hopeful tears.

Around what favoured shrine
Does that gentle halo dwell,
And guardian spirits shine ?
'Tis the tyrant's dungeon cell,
Where the tribunes of the people lie in chains ;
But when the embracing sea
Shall clasp a land made free,
The holiest this shall be of our fanes.

The mellow moonlight streams
Thro' the grated loophole rows,
Where lapped in blissful dreams
The nation's chiefs repose,
While fancy paints or pales lip and brow.
On the chieftain's front admire
How pathos, scorn, and ire,
And wit's electric fire tremble now.

And in yonder visioned cell
The sleeping minstrel hears
The harp of Ossian swell,
And the clash of Tara's spears,
And Kinkora pouring storm on the Dane ;
Saw you Cathal's bloody hand,
And victorious Dathy's band,
And the shades round Fingal's land, that com-
plain.

" Shall I string my harp to war ?"
The voice of Ossian said—
" Hath not every rusted bar
Of the gratings o'er your head
A voice to thrill the hearts of the land ?
And the dwellers on the deep,
Or the mountain's heathery steep,
In wildly pictured sleep grasp the brand.

And sounds of solemn prayer
Through the stilly night arise,
Making musical the air
As they tremble to the skies,
For suffering millions cry to the Lord—
“O Terrible and Strong!
How long, O God, how long,
Ere Thou purge our isle from wrong by the
sword?”

And maid and matron kneel
By the altars of their sires,
But their kinsmen gleam in steel
By the glare of signal fires;
And the sword is half unsheathed in each hand—
Oh, did not the CHIEFTAIN will
That these swords should slumber still,
Who could find one bloodless rill in the land?

But cast from every hill
Your watchfires on the deep—
Let the harp of war be still,
And too eager Vengeance sleep!
We reckon not, say the chiefs, blade nor gun;
For mind—our spear and shield—
Is the god-like power we wield,
And from kings and hosts the field shall be
won.

July 13th, 1844.

THE EXTERMINATION.

"Dominus pupillum et viduam suscipiet."—Ps. 145.

WHEN tyranny's pampered and purple-clad
minions
Drive forth the lone widow and orphan to
die,
Shall no angel of vengeance unfurl his red
pinions,
And grasping sharp thunderbolts, rush from
on high ?

"Pity ! oh, pity !—a little while spare me ;
My baby is sick—I am feeble and poor ;
In the cold winter blast, from the hut if you
tear me,
My lord, we must die on the desolate moor!"

'Tis vain—for the despot replies but with
laughter,
While rudely his serfs thrust her forth on the
wold :
Her cabin is blazing from threshold to rafter,
And she crawls o'er the mountain, sick,
weeping, and cold.

Her thinly-clad child on the stormy hill shivers—
The thunders are pealing dread anthems
around—

Loud roar in their anger the tempest-lashed
rivers—

And the loosened rocks down with the wild
torrents bound.

Vainly she tries in her bosom to cherish

Her sick infant boy, 'mid the horrors around,
Till, faint and despairing, she sees her babe
perish—

Then lifeless she sinks on the snow-covered
ground.

Though the children of Ammon, with trumpets
and psalters,

To devils poured torrents of innocents' gore,
Let them blush from deep hell at the far redder
altars

Where the death-dealing tyrants of Ireland
adore!

But, for Erin's life-current, thro' long ages
flowing,

Dark demons that pierce her, you yet shall
atone;

Even *now* the volcano beneath you is glowing,
And the Moloch of tyranny reels on his
throne.

STEADY.*

STEADY ! Host of freedom, steady !
Ponder, gather, watch, mature ;
Tranquil be, though ever ready—
Prompt to act—and to endure.

Aimless, rage you not, insanely,
Like a maniac with his chain,
Struggling madly, therefore vainly,
And lapsing back to bonds again.

But, observe, the clouds o'er Keeper
Long collect their awful ire—
Long they swell more dark and deeper—
When they burst all heaven's on fire !

Freedom's bark to port is running,
But beware the lurking shelves ;
And would you conquer tyrant's cunning,
Brethren, conquer first yourselves.

Though thy cheek insulted burn—
Though they call thee coward-slave—
Scoff nor blow shalt thou return :
Trust me, this is *more* than brave.

* "Courage—your most necessary virtue—consists not in blind resistance, but in knowing when to *forbear*."—*The Nation*, June 17th, 1848.

Fortitude hath shackles riven,
More than spear or flashing gun ;
Freedom, like the thrones of heaven,
Is by suffering virtue won.

Though thy brother still deride thee,
Yield thou love for foolish hate :
He'll, perhaps, ere long beside thee,
Proudly, boldly, share thy fate.

Discord ! may kind angels chase thee
Far from hapless Erin's shores,
And the deepest hell embrace thee,
Where no fouler demon roars.

Steady ! steady ! ranks of Freedom,
Pure and holy are our bands ;
Heaven approves, and angels lead them,
For truth and justice are our brands.

FALL, FLAG OF TYRANTS !

FALL, flag of tyrants ! never more
To rise on Irish plains !
Thy sun is set—thy reign is o'er—
The earth is sick of chains.

The meteor sign whose ghastly flame
In fatal shadow cast us,
Shall leave alone a hated name,
And running down, in guilt and shame,
To fires accurst from whence it came,
No more shall plague and blast us.

Beneath thy foul cimmerian gloom,
A thousand deadly poisons show'ring,
The darkened land is one wide tomb,
Whose charnel-chambers scarce have room
To lodge the blackening host o'er whom
Thy life-eclipsing shade is low'ring.
Ocean's fairest, richest daughter,
In thy fell embraces cast,
Thou hast chained and, shrieking, brought her,
To thy den of horrid slaughter ;
But, for all that thou hast wrought her,
Triple vengeance cometh fast.

In power, in pride, in pomp, and gold,
Thou art—and so is Satan—great ;
But now, even now, mine eyes behold
The signals of approaching fate—
The mortal and immortal hate
That gathers round thy falling state,
Like tempest round the sunset rolled.

Columbia on the seas
Prepares the thunders of thy fall.
Exulting Afghan and Chinese
Shall hear and bless the battle-breeze ;
And we—*we* owe thee more than these,
By heaven ! we'll pay thee all.

Our ships are rotting on the strand,
While thine bring o'er the seas
Bayonets to till the blighted land,
And swords to soothe disease ;
And brutal rage and ruffian lust
To trample truth in bloody dust,
Till men blaspheme " Can God be just,
Yet bear such crimes as these ?"

Oh ! since a thoughtful silent boy
Upon the hills I dreamed,
My soul beheld with prophet joy
My bound and bleeding love redeemed ;
The Irish flag above us streamed,
And Irish swords for freedom gleamed
Like lightning to destroy.

She comes ! she comes ! thrice hail young
queen !

Around her throne a burning zone
Of native swords is seen.

O death ! to us where is thy sting ?
If while victorious clarions ring
At freedom's feet our hearts we fling,
And fall in Irish green.

March 18th, 1848.

GRATIAS AGAMUS.

A PÆAN TO ENGLAND.

CHILDREN of the slain !

While we fall beneath the swords,
Let us sing a grateful strain,
As behoves us, to our lords—
Glory be to England !

By the blood at Wexford cross
That the hounds of Cromwell shed,
And the shrieking babes they toss
On their lances, murder-red—
Glory be to England !

By our Sarsfield's magic blade—
By the capture of Athlone—
And by Limerick, the betrayed,
That could never be o'erthrown—
Glory be to England !

Sons of murdered sires !
By the tortures of the past—
By the glare of penal fires—
By the Rath of Mullaghmast—
Glory be to England !

By your traders unemployed—
By your ancient glory flown—
By your majesty destroyed,
And your senate overthrown—
Let us shout for England !

By the still remaining scars
On the Wexford hills that bled—
By your blood, in foreign wars,
For a foreign tyrant shed—
Let us kneel to England !

By the ghastly myriads sleeping
In a coffinless repose,
And the dying-living weeping
For God's justice on our foes—
Let us die for England !

By the curses that have risen
 From the gibbets and the graves—
 From the poorhouse and the prison,
 Where we starve disarmed slaves—
 Let us worship England !

By the seven hundred years
 We have dragged the weary chain,
 Till in ceaseless blood and tears
 It is rusted nigh in twain—
 Let us cherish England !

By the God of Freedom, bending
 From His judgment seat of power,
 And His burning spirit sending
 O'er the trembling land this hour—
 Let us—*humble* England !

THE PATRIOT BRAVE.

I DRINK to the valiant who combat
 For freedom by mountain or wave ;
 And may triumph attend, like a shadow,
 The sword of the patriot brave !

Oh ! never was holier chalice
Than this at our festivals crowned—
The heroes of Morven, to pledge it,
And gods of Valhalla, float round.
Hurrah for the patriot brave !
A health to the patriot brave !
And a curse and a blow be to liberty's foe,
Whether tyrant, or coward, or knave.

Great spirits, who battled in old time
For the freedom of Athens, descend !
As low to the shadow of Brian
In fond hero-worship we bend.
From those that in far Alpine passes
Saw Dathi struck down in his mail,
To the last of our chiefs' galloglasses,
The saffron-clad foes of the Pale,
Let us drink to the patriot brave ;
Hurrah for the patriot brave !
But a curse and a blow be to liberty's foe,
And more chains for the satisfied slave.

O Liberty ! hearts that adore thee
Pour out their best blood at thy shrine,
As freely as gushes before thee
This purple libation of wine.

For us, whether destined to triumph,
Or bleed as Leonidas bled,
Crushed down by a forest of lances
On mountains of foreigner dead,
May we sleep with the patriot brave !
God prosper the patriot brave !
But may battle and woe hurry liberty's foe
To a bloody and honourless grave !

HERE'S A CHORUS.

HERE'S a chorus !—Irish slaves—
End your quarrels !—end your quarrels !
Thunders roll from Emmet's grave—
Chains or laurels !—chains or laurels !
Hear the gory shade of Tone—
End your quarrels !—end your quarrels !
Freedom loves the brave alone,
Chains or laurels !—chains or laurels !
Union makes the nations great,
End your quarrels !—end your quarrels !
By the graves of Ninety-eight,
Chains or laurels !—chains or laurels !
Strike together, one and all—
End your quarrels !—end your quarrels !
More than Cashel's rock shall fall.
Chains or laurels !—chains or laurels !

By a thousand fields of blood,
End your quarrels!—end your quarrels!
Where your sires for freedom stood—
Chains or laurels!—chains or laurels!
Wherefore kneel we in the dust?
End your quarrels!—end your quarrels!
Steel is true and God is just.
Chains or laurels!—chains or laurels!

HAND IN HAND.

OUR bounteous God gave the fertile sod
To sustain His people well,
And not that you of a vampire few
Should make this earth a hell.
We are not brutes whom your pleasure suits
To harness, to lash, and spurn,
But love for love, all tribes above,
And hate for hate, return.

Come! hand in hand, at Heaven's command,
Whose voice through the people * rolls,
Let us bravely stand for our lives and land,
And prove that men have souls!

* Vox populi, vox Dei.

Must we live and die in the pauper's sty,
The sweltering poorhouse den,
Where your pride and lust and rapine thrust
The souls of immortal men?
And then you prate of their brutal state,
Who've made them the things they are—
By the Hosts on High, it were better to die
A thousand times in war!

Then hand in hand, at Heaven's command,
Whose voice through the people rolls,
Let us bravely stand for our lives and land,
And prove that men have souls!

O sons of men, called of prophet pen—
Than angels scarcely less—
Who can trace one sign of a birth divine
In your woeful wretchedness?
Man, maid, and boy know not hope nor joy;
The light from your eyes has flown—
All peace and love have soared above,
And your hearts are turned to stone.

Yet hand in hand, at Heaven's command,
Whose voice through the millions rolls,
Let us bravely stand for our lives and land,
And prove that men have souls!

We have many a bed of Wicklow lead,
And stronger Leitrim veins,
Whence the iron ore may make something
more,
Perchance, than bolts and chains.
If the scythe and spade, like an iron blade,
Should rust 'neath the landlord's heel,
There are gows * enow in the land, I know,
To turn them both to steel!

Then hand in hand, at Heaven's command,
Whose voice through the millions rolls,
Let us bravely stand for our lives and land,
And prove that men have souls!

The young ash trees shall dance on the breeze,
In the strife for the soil to join,
And the forests of larch take life, and march
From the Suir and the storied Boyne.
At length we stand, an united band,
Prepared to die or do—
If no gentler hand can save the land,
We'll have O'Neill's *lamh ruadh*.

And hand in hand, at Heaven's command,
Whose voice through the people rolls,
We'll bravely stand for our lives and land,
And prove that men have souls.

* *Blacksmiths.*

From Tyrawley, too, "Lamh lauder aboo!"
Shall be heard like a larum-drum,
And a burning sleet and a winding sheet
Portend your hour is come—
Your hour of doom; from their shroudless
tomb

Shall rise your victims slain,
Whose guiltless blood, an awful flood,
Shall fall in a fiery rain—

When hand in hand, at Heaven's command,
Whose voice even death controls,
We bravely stand for our lives and land,
And prove that men have souls.

The dark winds blow, and the grave-lights
glow,

And the sky hath a feverish glare,
As to and fro in woe they go,
On the labouring midnight air;
Then the troubled hosts of our brethren's
ghosts

With a sound like unsheathing swords,
On the blast aghast have passed up fast
To the throne of the Lord of Lords!

Swear hand in hand, at Heaven's command,
Whose voice through the storm-wind rolls,
To bravely stand for your lives and land,
And prove that men have souls.

KLING! KLANG!

KLING! Klang!
Health to the brave!
Let the wine wave
 O'er the brim stand—
Drink to the brave
 Of the Emerald land!
Kling! Klang! drink to the brave!

Love to the fair!
By the rich lips and hair
 Of the maidens we prize,
And the deeds we will dare
 For the love in their eyes—
Kling! Klang! drink to the fair!

Peace to the true!
Their blood fell like dew
 On our every plain;
Brothers, for you
 Did they shed it *in vain*?
No! no! by the graves of the true!

Strength to our own!
Emmet and Tone
 Sleep not on the bier:
Our hearts are their throne,
 And their spirit is here—
Kling! Klang! strength to our own!

Hail to the Green !
 Soon to be seen
 O'er mountain and glen,
 As it often hath been,
 Triumphant again—
 Kling ! Klang ! hail to the Green !

 Joy to the free !
 Exult as the sea !
 The hills are thy throne,
 And thou bendest the knee
 To Jehovah alone—
 Kling ! Klang ! joy to the free !

ADIEU TO INNISFAIL.

“Feror exul in altum.”—VIR.

ADIEU !—The snowy sail
 Swells her bosom to the gale,
 And our bark from Innisfail
 Bounds away.
 While we gaze upon thy shore
 That we never shall see more,
 And the blinding tears flow o'er,
 We pray :—

Ma vuirneen ! be thou long
In peace the queen of song—
In battle proud and strong
As the sea.
Be saints thine offspring still,
True heroes guard each hill,
And harps by every rill
Sound free !

Though round her Indian bowers
The hand of nature showers
The brightest, blooming flowers
Of our sphere ;
Yet not the richest rose
In an *alien* clime that blows,
Like the briar at home that grows
Is dear.

Though glowing breasts may be
In soft vales beyond the sea,
Yet ever, *gra ma chree*,
Shall I wail
For the heart of love I leave,
In the dreary hours of eve,
On *thy* stormy shores to grieve,
Innisfail !

But mem'ry o'er the deep
On her dewy wing shall sweep,
When in midnight hours I weep
 O'er thy wrongs ;
And bring me, steeped in tears,
The dead flowers of other years,
And waft unto my ears
 Home's Songs.

When I slumber in the gloom
Of a nameless, foreign tomb,
By a distant ocean's boom,
 Innisfail !
Around thy em'rald shore
May the clasping sea adore,
And each wave in thunder roar,
 " All hail ! "

And when the final sigh
Shall bear my soul on high,
And on chainless wing I fly
 Through the blue,
Earth's latest thought shall be,
As I soar above the sea,
" Green Erin, dear, to thee
 Adieu ! "

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

"LOOK out," said O'Moore to his clansmen,
"afar—

Is yon white cloud the herald of tempest or war?
Hark! know you the roll of the foreigners'
drums?

By Heaven! Lord Essex in panoply comes,
With corslet, and helmet, and gay bannerol,
And the shields of the nobles with blazon and
scroll,

And, as snow on the larch in December appears,
What a Winter of plumes on that forest of
spears!

To the clangour of trumpets and waving of
flags,

The clattering cavalry prance o'er the crags;
And their plumes—by St. Kyran! false Saxon,
ere night,

You shall wish their fine feathers were wings
for your flight!

Shall we leave all the blood and the gold of the
Pale

To be shed at Armagh and be won by O'Neill?
Shall we yield to O'Ruarc, to M'Guire, and
O'Donnell,

*Brave chieftains of Breffni, Fermanagh, Tyr-
connel,*

Yon helmets the 'Eric' * thrice over would pay
For the Sassenagh heads they'll protect not
to-day ?

No ! by red Mullaghmast, fiery clansmen of Leix,
Avenge your sires' blood on their murderers'
race !

Now, sept of O'Moore, fearless sons of the
heather, †

Fling your scabbards away, and strike home
and together ! ”

Then loudly the clang of commingled blows
Upswelled from the sounding fields,
And the joy of a hundred trumps arose,
And the clash of a thousand shields,
And the long plumes danced, and the fal-
chions rang,
And flashed the whirled spear,
And the furious barb through the wild war
sprang,
And trembled the earth with fear ;
The fatal bolts exulting fled,
And hissed as they leaped away ;
And the tortured steed on the red grass bled,
Or died with a piercing neigh.

* Fine for manslaughter in the Irish code.

† The O'Moores wore a sprig of heather in their
helmets.

I see their weapons crimsoned—I hear the
mingled cries
Of rage and pain and triumph, as they thunder
to the skies.
The cooluned kern are rushing upon armour,
knights, and mace,
And bones and brass are broken in their terrible
embrace;
The coursers roll and struggle, and their riders,
girt in steel,
From their saddles crushed and cloven to the
purple heather reel,
And shattered there, and trampled by the
charger's iron hoof,
The seething brain is bursting thro' the crash-
ing helmet's roof.
Joy! Heaven thrills for freedom, and Elizabeth's
array,
With her paramour to lead them, are sore beset
to-day;
Their heraldry and plumery, their coronets and
mail,
Are trampled on the battle plain, or scattered
on the gale.
As the cavalry of ocean, the living billows,
bound,
*When lightnings leap above them and thunders
clang around,*

And, tempest-crested dazzlingly, caparisoned
in spray,
They crush the black and broken rocks with
all their roots away,
So charged the stormy chivalry of Erin in her
ire—
Their shock the roll of ocean, their swords
electric fire—
They rose like banded billows, that, when win-
try tempests blow,
The trampling shore with stunning roar and
dreadful wreck o'erflow ;
And where they burst tremendously upon the
bloody ground,
Both horse and man, from rere to van, like
shivered barques went down.
Leave your costly Milan hauberks, haughty
nobles of the Pale !
And your snowy ostrich feathers, as a tribute
to the Gael ;
Fling away gilt spur and trinket, in your hurry,
knight and squire !
They will make our virgins ornaments, or
decorate the lyre.
Ho ! Essex ! how your vestal queen will storm
when she hears
The "mere Irish" chased her minion and his
twenty thousand spears.

Go ! tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, M'Hugh,
O'Neill,
Will smite the faithless stranger while there's
steel in Innisfail.
The blood you shed shall only serve more deep
revenge to nurse,
And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we
curse ;
From age to age consuming, it shall blaze a
quenchless fire,
And the son shall thirst and burn still more
fiercely than his sire.
By our sorrows, songs, and battles—by our
cromleachs, raths, and tow'rs—
By sword and chain, by all our slain—between
your race and ours
Be naked glaives and yawning graves, and
ceaseless tears and gore,
Till battle's flood wash out in blood your foot-
steps from the shore.

LORD OF HOSTS.

LORD of Hosts! in vain for pity
Tyrants long we prayed, but now
To Thee we cry from plain and city—
Rise, and judge between us, Thou!
To glut the rage of English Mammon
We mourn a yearly million slain;
And reap from graves the plague and famine,
Pouring forth our blood like rain.

Every heart is bare before Thee—
If with sacrilegious lips
And lying tongue we dare adore Thee,
Strike us down in foul eclipse!
If we seek revenge or plunder,
Or to crush a brother's creed,
Blast us with Thy fiercest thunder—
Leave us in our hour of need.

If we seek but justice purely,
Earth and Hell our foes may be;
Thou wilt bless our banner surely,
And Thy smile is victory!
Ere we burst the chains that gore us,
Ere the tide of battle rolls,
May Thine angels camp around us,
Nerve our hearts and cleanse our souls!

Lord of Hosts ! in tears before Thee
See the prostrate people kneel—
Hear the starving poor implore Thee—
Smile on Freedom's sacred steel !
By His blood who lived to love us,
Toiled to teach, and died to save—
By Thyself, just God ! above us,
Grant us Freedom, or the grave !

May 20th, 1848.

KING BRIAN'S MARCH TO CLONTARF.

HARK ! the war-trumpet sound
Echoing wildly round !
Proudly our bosoms bound,
Panting for Freedom.
Over the mountains, lo !
Plumes wave like drifting snow,
Brightly their falchions glow—
Valiant chief, lead them.

Rattles each banner's fold,
From whose rich field, unrolled,
Redly a sun of gold
Far away glances.

Won from the wave and mine,
Gems on their helmets shine,
Flowers with their banners twine—
 Sharp are their lances.

Wave restless plumes in air,
And from their axes bare,
Shimm'ringly mirrored there,
 How the light flashes!
Who on the battle-field
Would to the pirate yield,
Basely his father's shield,
 Curst be his ashes!

Oh! may your swords be strong,
Wielded to right the wrong,
And, in immortal song,
 Wedded to story.
O'er whom for Erin dies,
Let the wild *caiona* rise,
And to our tearful skies
 Waft ye his glory.

O'er their defender's sleep
Beauty shall fondly weep,
Veiled muses vigil keep,
 And, in sad numbers,

Bards of the rescued land,
While round his tomb they stand,
Where hangs his sheathed brand,
Hymn o'er his slumbers.

Chiefs of the fiery Gael,
Gird on your shining mail—
Death to the slaves of Bael—
Death and dishonour!
Under your holy steel
See the pale virgin kneel,
Shall the insulter's heel
Trample upon her?

Strike for your lands and lives!
See, 'neath assassin knives,
Daughters and blooming wives,
Fearing worse danger.
Cloud-shielded! star-adored!
Flash forth thy dazzling sword,
Smite the barbarian horde,
Wither the stranger!

Down from the Baltic main
Rush they to forge again
Bonds upon Ulad's plain—
Chains on Temora!

Up ! from the vale and hall,
Rise in your armour all,
Sons of the Clan-a-gall,
Strength of Kincora !

Rise ! rise ! the Dane ! the Dane !
Slay them in tower and fane,
From the far western main
E'en to Ben Hedir.
Soon shall their guilty ghosts
Howl round our fatal coasts—
Lightning-robed Lord of Hosts,
Blast the invader !

FREEDOM.

Most glorious freedom, from the heavens, oh !
hear !

The prostrate world in bitter anguish groans—
Hurl o'er our hills thy fetter-breaking spear—
Speak with thy loudest stormy trumpet-
tones—

*Dash the earth's tyrants from their gory
thrones !*

Hark to the mighty music of her wings,
Rushing in thunder from the starry zones ;
On broken bonds she treads, and crownless
kings,
And o'er the new-born world a dazzling glory
flings.

Oh ! *thou* hast been my muse. From thy bright
eyes,
Freedom, I drew the minstrel's lonely lore—
For thee, my wing first dared the poet's skies,
And since in dreams I wooed thee first of
yore,
Each hour my soul would clasp thee more
and more ;
With clearer worship now I bend the knee,
Queen of my love ! thy cloudy shrine before ;
Abhorring chains, and panting to be free,
My kindling soul invokes immortal liberty.

Arise, Columbia ! bright in all the stars !
Hail to young Freedom's constellated flag !
As the past have been, ever be thy wars,
Just and successful ! O'er thine eagle's crag
Ne'er shall an alien pirate's " motley rag "
Flutter triumphant. From thy chainless shore
*The old-world harlot, red and murderous hag—
The nightmare of the sea—returns no more ;
Or, thunder-blasted, flies as she hath fled before.*

See yonder human devil stand alone,
Grasping with desperate hand, 'mid circling
flame,
The crackling fragments of her blazing throne ;
While hatred, terror, baffled rage, and shame,
Distort her features and convulse her frame !
Her snake eyes glitter, and her white lips
foam—
Traitor ! erewhile earth trembled at thy
name,
But now thy blood-sapped cannon-bristling
home
Around thee falls in ruins, crashing dome on
dome.

Thus may all tyrants perish ! But thy throne,
Aventine goddess ! child of the Most High !
Like a huge rock in stormy seas alone,
Fixed as the basis of thy native sky,
Shall see them, at thy feet, unpitied die.
And then shall be, O daughter of the Lord,
From ransomed nations jubilant a cry
Of joy and triumph to thy saving sword,
And thou shalt be thenceforth eternally adored.

THE IRISH NATIONAL GUARD TO HIS
SISTER.

My sister dear, in holy cloister kneeling,
Serenely gazing on the midnight orbs,
Their eyes to thine celestial dreams revealing,
While adoration all thy soul absorbs ;
Forget not earth, though heaven encamp about
thee,

Forget not him who feebly fights and falls
Alone, afar, and pilotless without thee,

In vain for aid amid the tempest calls.

Thou art as sacred fire before an altar,

And I—a watcher in the lonely night,

With bleeding feet the while o'er rocks I falter—

Look up and bless the consecrated light.

Thy tent is where the lightning-sworded Seven

Array the dazzling armies of the suns ;

But mine afar where gleam the fires of heaven,

Pale, pure, and holy as a choir of nuns.

And thou shalt drink at that ambrosial table

Where angels banquet in immortal halls,

While I—oh ! were my grosser sense but able

To bear the light that from their raiment falls!

To feel His glory like an ocean growing

For every grander, o'er my sinking head,

And on my brow a twilight lustre glowing

From distant suns in far-off systems shed !—

I fight with steel, and thou with prayer ; but
whether

With cross or spear, or Rosary or brand,
O sister ! may we climb the heavens together !
A patriot's blood might grace an angel's hand.

I deem that all are to one centre tending—
All spirit rays that in one flame shall burn,
When each with all, and all with Godhead
blending,

Back to their source, fire-tested, shall return.
Each living soul, no more distinct and single,

Through æons purified, shall yet combine,
Till even natures base as mine may mingle
With those almost immaculate as thine.

Yet tremble, sister, tremble and be zealous,
Elected vestal of a Spouse thou art
Who still the more He loves, the more is jealous,
And thou reclinest on His very heart.
But I have worshipped from my youth, His
daughter,

Chain-breaking Liberty, at whose command,
For weal or woe, to felon-chains or slaughter,
I do devote myself for this dear land.
Farewell ! Pray Him who drew the stars from
chaos,

Who smiled the darkness into golden light,
And sent from heaven the sword of Maccabeus,
To smile on Erin and defend the right.

June 10th, 1848.

LAMENT FOR THOMAS DAVIS.

HAST thou fallen from our band,
Purest spirit of the land ?
Hast thou perished while thy glory yet was
young ?
While more than mortal fire
Sprang intensely from thy lyre,
And love and wisdom flowed from thy tongue ?

O think, with grief and pride,
How he laboured, thought, and died,
To knit our souls together in love's chain ;
And shall the nations say,
Reproachful o'er his clay,
That his great heart throbbed, and broke at last,
in vain ?

Oh ! could his gentle eyes
E'er know sorrow in the skies,
This—this would mar his glory in the spheres ;
His crown would grow less bright,
And before the angels' sight
For once would Eden's floor be dewed with tears.

No ! humbly kneeling here,
 Around his early bier,
 His spirit smiling o'er us from above,
 With clasped souls and hands,
 Where our hero's marble stands
 We'll rear a lasting shrine to him and love.

Arise ! spread shamrocks round—
 This earth is holy ground ;
 May seraphim watch fondly o'er his grave,
 And curses scourge away
 From this consecrated clay
 The hypocrite, the tyrant, and the slave !

Let him sleep in Irish ground,
 At his feet the Irish hound,
 The harp of battle broken by his side,
 And let his willing hand
 Embrace the half-drawn brand—
 Oh ! had he but unsheathed it ere he died !

With laurel shade his clay
 From the amber light of day,
 And be thou his ceaseless *caoineer*, mournful
 wind !
 For ne'er a nobler heart,
 "World-seeing" though thou art,
 In all thy boundless kingdom shalt thou find.

But his deathless name shall be
Still a rainbow to the free—
A promise slavery's deluge to control,
And our children, yet in strife
For love, liberty, and life,
Shall feel the inspiration of his soul.

The morning's golden hair
Shall be grey, with time, in air—
The constellated host pass away—
The angel-bearing spheres
Shall grow sterile in their years,
And the pillars of the universe decay.

But natures all divine,
Bard and Patriot ! like thine,
Pure spirit of imperishable flame !
Exult in native light,
Inextinguishably bright,
Immortal as the soul whence they came !

SONG OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN
REGIMENTS.

WE have changed the battle-field,
But the cause abandoned never—
Here a sharper sword to wield,
And wage the endless war for ever.
Yes! the war we wage with thee—
That of light with power infernal—
As it hath been still shall be,
Unforgiving and eternal.

Let admiring nations praise
Thy crystal halls and silk pavilions ;
But I see through bloody haze
The phantoms of the murdered millions.
Hark! from out their shallow graves
Wail our brothers o'er the billow—
“ We have died the death of slaves,
Weeds our food, the earth our pillow.”

Lo! the ghastly spectre throng!
Shroudless all in awful pallor!
Vengeance! *Who* should right their wrong?
We have arms, and men, and valour.

Strike ! the idol long adored
 Waits the doom just gods award her ;
To arms ! away ! with fire and sword !
 Our march is o'er the British border !

The harlot, drunk with pride as wine,
 Revels in her guilty palace ;
Thus Belshazzar Syria's vine
 Quaffed from plundered Salem's chalice.
That very hour avenging Fates
 Rolled back thy storied tide, Euphrates ;
And thou ! the Gaul is at thy gates,
 And panic smites thy pale Penates.

The brazen hypocrite who moans
 O'er others' sins, yet dares dissemble
Her own foul guilt, whereat the stones
 Of Sodom's self might blush and tremble !
Thy power and pride shall cease below
 The scoff of every tongue and nation,
And men thy name shall only know
 As meaning guilt and desolation.

New Orleans, *April 25th*, 1862.

THE MINE OF TORTONA.

CANNON from the ramparts flashing,
Round besieged Tortona rang ;
And the stormers, forward dashing,
Up the crackling ladders sprang.
“Hark ! Carew,” the Marshal crieth,
“Yonder hell-pit must be ours
Ere the flag of Naples flieth
O'er Tortona's vanquished towers.

“Ever first in toil and danger,
Breach and charge and storm, is seen
Thy gay ensign, gallant stranger,
Erin's plume of floral green.
I know thee brave—yon desp'rate station
Rests upon a hostile mine ;
Noblest of a noblest nation !
Honour's post or death is thine.”

At his chieftain's praises blushing,
Proudly smiled the young Carew,
And with eager ardour rushing,
Up the masked volcano flew.
Death's around, above, and under
Batteries from the trenches ring,
Cannon from the ramparts thunder,
Shot and shell around him sing.

"Comrades ! still our scanty ration
 Yields another cup of wine ;
 Let us pour a last libation,
 Merry home ! to thee and thine.
 Erin ! land of song and beauty,
 Welcome ev'ry fate shall be,
 If the most appalling duty
 Add one wreath of fame to thee.

" Here we drink to those who, falling
 Clasped in battle's red embrace,
 Nobly sleep 'mid trumpets calling
 ' Victory ' o'er their resting place."
 So peal out the clarions loudly,
 Cease the bursting shell and gun,
 And the hero, smiling proudly,
 Sheathes his sword—Tortona's won !

HUMOROUS POEMS.

MISADVENTURES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

NO. I.—BLIGHTED LOVE.

HEIGHO! I wipe slowly the tears from my nose,
And lay bare to your pity the tale of my woes,
For darker's our fate when there's no one to
weep it.

I'm in love (for the twentieth time, devil sweep
it!)

In affairs of the sort, since I know your discretion,

I confide to your friendship this candid confession.

I lodge in a lodging where lodge many lodgers,
Obeying with pride an autochthonal Todgers,
Here one—a contemplative maid—I found out,
Who lives *up*, and, besides, who lives *over* the
spout—

The *up*'s metaphoric, the *o'er* mathematic,
For *this* queen of my bosom hangs out in the
attic.

There, gazing each evening through cobweb
and bars,
She communes with her kindred—the listening
stars ;
And sings with such strength, perseverance,
and fire,
That no one of the winds by himself ere came
nigh her.
In her breast *ev'ry* god of the compass I know
is,
Eurusque, Notusque, lætusque Eöis ;
Her eyes flashing fire, and her voice like the
thunder,
Have split both my ears and my bosom asunder.
Oh, yes ! 'twas the power of her “ ore rotundo ”
Was destined the peace of my bosom to
undo ;
And, 'twixt headache and heartache, I'm blest
if I know
What balsam can banish my multiplied woe.
For your sake I wish you hung out somewhat
nearer,
Though, indeed, where you are, if not bothered,
you'll hear her.
Hark ! there's “ Yankee Doodle ” and “ *Le fin'*
all' ore, ”
“ *Moll Roe,* ” and “ The Lancers, ” and all
“ *con furore.* ”

Let me paint her, O Lord ! though I tremble
to do it ;
May the Muses kick, thump, pull, and jostle
me through it :
Her height is six feet, and her age is—no
matter ;
Her papa vendeth tripe in renowned Stony-
batter ;
Her name no one knows, but her worshipper's
will is
Henceforth that she bears the cognomen of
Phillis ;
She stitcheth at times, and she trimmeth ; but
surely
This may be, this must be, through playfulness
purely ;
Or to help her abstraction she pointeth the
needle
While lighter nymphs wheel to the gay tweedle-
deedle.
The first time 'twas mine the dear nymph to
behold
She said, with a sneeze, that " she'd got a bad
cold,
Which pestered her so she got scarce any rest,"
So I leechd, for experiment, Phillis's breast.
On her skin when I see them, I wildly beseech
The gods to transmogrify me to a leech,

While I view the black rascals with envying
sight,
Till they fall from her bosom quite drunk with
delight.
Since that hour, from the *scalp* to the *tendo*
Achillis,
Bone, muscle, and nerve, I am thine, dearest
Phillis.
And as fee, 'twas the first I received in my life,
When you gave me "Tom Jones" and a tortoise-
shell knife ;
Oh ! ne'er did I feel such a wild titillation
Since the days of my *cartilaginification*.
And the touch of your hand, sweetest maid,
without flattery,
Made me jump, by Jim Crow ! like a galvanic
battery.
Come bind to this *thorax* thy *mammary glands*,
In the toughest of *ligaments*, hymeneal bands,
And Cupid shall flutter for ever before us,
With an arch upward curl of the *angulus oris*.
May my *scapulæ* slip, and my *claricles* crack,
And the *vertebra* twist here and there through
my back,
Ere I cease to adore the enchantress who
stole,
Sweet pickpocket ! all the loose change of my
soul !

Oh! I'll hang white and cold as a petrified
 miller,
Some night from the humbug that crowns
 Nelson's pillar,
Or I'll mount the brass hat of the long Ennis-
 killeners,
If you rake out my flame, peerless Phoenix of
 milliners.

Alas! for dear woman, now ain't it a pity
How little they care for a scientific ditty?
Last night from her bedroom a voice growled
 "Go be d—d!"
And the door's in your friend's physiognomy
 slammed;
And my heart dropped down where my
 stomach and all is
To the *pancreatoduodenalis*.
Ah me!—would you dream it?—a bouncing
 dragoon
Now flirts with a sylph lately chaste as the
 moon;
A swaggering, long-legged, impertinent fellow,
Who wears a red jacket bedizened with yellow,
In the highly drilled corps of Lord Colonel
 Decanter,
Looked forth from his whiskers, and conquered
 instantly.

Now the shrine of the goddess is filled with
hussars,

And the martial aroma of gin and cigars :

For this have I penned, her cold bosom to
warm,

Songs doleful and dismal, and long as my arm ?
She prefers this Munchausen's bravados of wars,
And cuts an Apollo to romp with a Mars—

Nay, forgetting, says fame, her correct per-
pendicular,

Is, alas ! too like Venus in every particular.

By despair and the bump of destructiveness led,
Of late I have strangled, or poisoned, or bled,
Many cats and some dogs, in attempts to dis-
cover

Whether rope, steel, or poison is best for a lover.
And have found that all three, when combined
as a cure,

Would be equally novel, and rapid, and sure.

One last word—for the sake of my barbarous
fair,

Let the world never know that I die through
despair ;

And lest any should say that I perished by
force,

Pack your jury with care, and the verdict's of course.

NO. II.—THE CUT ONE.

Come, somebody, and put me instantaneously to
bed,
For Rosalind has cut me—this moment cut me
dead.
In Merrion-square she passed me, my skirt her
flounces brushed !
She walked right on, and blast me if the girl
as much as blushed !
Yet I wore a stays entwining my most fashion-
able waist,
And in my dicky shining a huge pin of diamond
paste :
My toes in patent leather were intolerably
crushed,
And like a raven's feather my tremendous
whiskers brushed.
O Rosa ! stony-hearted, 'twas for thee my spirit
cried,
Till my comrades often started while dissecting
by my side ;
For thee I've borne their sneering with a spirit
mild and meek,
Though oft within my hearing thus derisively
they speak—

"By Jove, our comrade Doodle now is done
completely brown,
Follows Rosa like her poodle, and hawks muslin
through the town."

To the acme of endurance for thee I've tasked
my mind

To raise by much *assurance* the metaphoric
"wind."

For thee, to prove my passion, I am squeezed
almost to death,

Till, in agonies of fashion, I can scarcely draw
my breath.

And oft, O Rosalinda, have I warbled all night
long,

Underneath thy chamber window, "Marble
Halls" and "Lucy Long."

And thou knowest, fair and cruel—to my
sorrow be it told—

How long I lived on gruel, from these solos
catching cold.

When I took you to the Dargle, and jumped
in to catch your glove,

What a cataract of gargle was the sequel of my
love!

And though Venus hath not lost me, and I yet
survive to waltz,

*Cupid knows what he has cost me in calomel
and salts !*

Adieu ! send back my letters—for a distant
shore I'm bound :

Nota-Bene—let my debtors with my creditors
compound.

But I'll interfere with neither—I should feel
extremely loath

To rub my skirts with either, for they're vulgar
rascals both.

Unshaved and misanthropical, I'll bury all my
woes

In some region fiercely tropical, where duns ne'er
show their nose ;

With rifles double-barrelled and a plenitude
of bile,

Half Crusoe, half Childe Harold, I will seek
some savage isle :

There, girt with nature's riches, from jilts and
bailiffs free,

I shall reign, without a breeches, o'er the cockle-
bearing sea ;

I will sympathize with mussels, and commune
with honest whales—

They wear no lying bustles on their "round
unvarnished tails ;"

In the labyrinthine cloisters of the rocks be-
neath the main

My soul shall pour on oysters love it poured on
thee in vain ;

Then shall pebbles, shells, and mosses, raw
lobsters and despair,
See the whiskers and proboscis that delighted
Merrion-square !
To the polka, to flirtation, to smiles from beau
and belle,
To reviews and equitation in the Park, a long
farewell.
Adieu my dreams of marriage unto ugliness
and rank,
To a cellar, and a carriage, and a balance at the
bank ;
Adieu ! the "Shades," the promenades, the sly
cigar divan,
The lounges sweet through Sackville-street, to
play the nice young man.
Alas ! and must so great a dust retire from
public life,
And take for worse, without a purse, a mermaid
for a wife !
Farewell the ball, the ladies all, the turf, and
the *haut ton*,
Of etiquette the sun has set, my occupation's
gone.

NO. III.—MY SKULL ;

AND THE SCRAPE IT BROUGHT ME INTO.

"Skull, the son of a skeleton, of the tribe of bloodless."
—*Lucian.*

My dear patients, you know there are "sermons
in stones,"

And a sage may find more than the marrow in
bones ;

(It was, doubtless, this notion induced a great
chief

To present to our city the famed "shin of
beef")—

My skull (not one thing with my head, be it
said—

The former is living, the latter is dead,
And my skull, I much fear, has more sense
than my head)

Came into my hands in fair mercantile manner,
And cost me precisely four bob and a tanner.
And what, after all, can prevent one from
sinning

Like a good-humoured skull everlastingly
grinning ?

He hangs near my window, and when we're
alone

He tells me much truth in a way of his own :

For instance, an officer lately passed by,
A fair girl on his arm with a tear in her eye—
“Poor thing! she believes all his well-prepared
lies;
But *I* see his *heart*,” said my friend without
eyes.
Each evening we’ve much to each other to say,
And I smile, and he grins, o’er the scenes of
the day.
Very well! let him hang on his nail for the
present,
While I glance through the past, though the
task isn’t pleasant;
You must know, Attic reader, I’ve reckoned it
prudent
In lodgings to run my career as a student,
And prefer the most tow’ring cock-lofty abodes,
As more near to my income, fresh air, and the
gods;
And I’ve hunted the city, my fortunes to push,
From Kilmainham north-west to south-east
Beggar’s-bush.
’Tis all one—or with Rooney, Ramsbottom, or
Rogers,
I am destined to be the most rueful of lodgers.
The springs of pianos, wherever I go,
Like the wrath of Achilles, are “springs of great
woe ;”

Young girls stun their beaux, and old maids
 stun their parrots,
 And the polka is thumped from the ground to
 the garrets ;
 Or I'm sure to encounter some amateur dunce,
 Who jars on the feeling and fiddle at once—
 Then the landladies aim at my heart or my
 pocket,
 And give notice to quit, or—a portrait and
 locket.
 But of all the dark deeds that my Todgerses did
 do
 The darkest was wrought by an officer's widow.
 An officer's widow ! well, well, let it be so,
 Though I shouldn't spare one who has victim-
 ised me so ;
 She lived on *my* mutton, she burned *my* coal,
 And at last popped my name-them-nots—yes,
 'pon my soul !
 But the daughter was fair, and though ma was
 a Tartar,
 I suffered it all like a regular martyr ;
 And this, though a rattletrap harpsichord's tones
 Disturbed every evening myself and my bones—
 Now thundered the polka—now painfully
 squealing,
 She tried “ Still so gently ” to come “ o'er me
 stealing ; ”

Then her goggle-eyed brother was constantly
grunting

Airs, as he pleasantly told me, from "Bun-
ting"—

Take a cat in the gutter, a bull in the pound,
And a pig in misfortune, he'd beat them all
round ;

To his barbarous grumble surpassingly sweet
is

The croak of a frog in acute *laryngitis*.

This sketch of the characters briefly despatched,

We return to my skull, and the thorax attached :

One evening, when musing, I sat near the fire,

I thus cross-examined my friend upon wire—

"I observe you look hard at my landlady's
daughter,

Whenever a chance to your presence has brought
her ;

Can it be, my dry codger, you're going to woo,

Like other old fools that are musty as you ?

Have you any design, my old phosphate, upon
her ? "

"Oh, no !" said the skeleton, "no, 'pon my
honour."

And he placed his long hand, with a dignified
mien,

*On the ribs 'neath which one time a heart must
have been.*

"It's all for *your* sake—when her bombazine rustles,

You abandon my bones to contemplate her muscles;

I am piqued, I confess, thus so often neglected—

Not so much was I pained when my ribs were dissected;

You must quit her at once without any apology,
How the deuce, if you don't, will you know osteölogy?"

"Quit her!" roared I, all at once losing patience,

"You dusty old bundle of articulations—

Surrender Miss Rooney for you, sir?—O crickey—

The maid who is close to my heart as my dickey.

Black as leeches her hair on her *stearine* neck shines,

And her eye, like a *trocar*, has tapped my affections."

"I see," replied Bones, "you're deplorably spooney

About this most musical beauty, Miss Rooney—
You walk with her, gaze on her, love her unboundedly,

All which, I confess it, amused me confound-
edly;

For—ha ! ha !—though *I* once loved as well as
another,
I can heartily laugh at a suffering brother.
If you marry Miss Rooney—who hasn't an
inkling
Of that sweet *tin-tin-abulum*, metallic tinkling—
You must live, like a watch, upon tick your
life through !
A more dolorous tick than the *tic-doloreux* ;
For a poet's proverbially slender abilities
Would never suffice for your 'responsibilities.'"
(This was true—for I swear, though I can't wed
awhile,
When I do, by King Brian ! I'll do it in style ;
For I mean, ere the next Irish war, to produce
A whole regiment of "minstrel boys" ready
for use ;
Each file shall be born with a pike in his fist,
And a gun on his shoulder, all ready to list.
May they honour the true hearts that bore them
before,
And do like their grandsires, *but do something
more.*)
"Flirtation," said I, "is remarkably pleasant,
But I'm not prepared to get married at present."
"So, indeed," said my friend, with a nod, "I
should think,"
And that nod was a nod that's as good as a wink.

"Now go to her door, and by close *auscultation*
You'll wake, I should hope, from your mystifi-
cation."

I obeyed him—but spare me—dwell not on my
woes—

Let me rapidly draw my sad tale to a close.
The musical relative seemed, to my notion,
To display rather more than fraternal emotion ;
And, in fact, with such zeal did they kiss one
another,

That her brother, I diagnosed, *wasn't her brother*.
"Sacre bleu ! Diable ! Diantre ! Centmille
tonnerres !"

I swore, and at once summersaulted down
stairs ;

"But my vengeance all Ireland and Dublin
shall see,

I'll put muriate of mercury ~~to~~-night in his tea—
I'll sharpen my scalpels, and, tearing away his
Sternocleidomastoidæus,*

Cut down, to revenge my foul wrong, till I
blot it

Away in the blood of his *common carotid*." †
But discretion is always the best part of valour,
As I felt by a strong palpitation and pallor.

* A muscle of the neck.

† Main artery of the neck.

"'Twill be generous," I said, "to give Croaker
his life,
And the pen takes a deeper revenge than the
knife;
As for her, I wou't bid her, by laudanum,
adieu;
As to hanging for love—I'll be hanged if I do!"
So I quitted my lodgings next day for another,
With this pious wish for ma, miss, and *the*
brother—
"May they suffer lumbago and pericarditis,
The gout, diabetes, and chronic bronchitis!
May lupus eternally feast on their noses,
And their bones waste and die in the fangs of
necrosis!"

NO. IV.—QUODDED.

There's a tavern off Westmoreland-street, near
Robinson and Bussell's,
Where I often took the wrinkles from my epi-
gastric muscles,
And sometimes brought a friend or two right
valiantly to join
In a foray on the "natives," or a jostling with
Sir Loin;

And oft I condescended with my solemn host
 to chatter
 Of steam-engines and rattlesnakes, or any other
 matter.
 I glanced at apple-dumplings, monster meetings,
 civil wars,
 Ham sandwiches, geology, the Oregon, the stars,
 Hydropathy, the Puseyites, the newspapers, and
 soup,
 And gave himself advice for gout, his child the
 same for croup.
 I blarneyed him, I plastered him, I stuck it on
 in lumps,
 I said he was a "roarer" and the emperor of
 trumps :
 And I called him, while he boarded me re-
 spectably on tick,
 The quintessence concentrated of a sublimated
 brick.
 At length (misguided man !) unpleasant mes-
 sages were sent
 Most annoying to the feelings—that is, pocket
 —of a gent,
 Containing innuendoes about—damn it !—about
 the rent.
 To think that I, who spend my cash on science
 and experiment,
 Would pay for vulgar food's enough to wake a
Stoic's merriment.

I quoted much in learned tongues from many
 an ancient oracle,
And poured upon mine host a flood of logic
 oratorical,
To prove that *his* the debt had been, and *I* had
 been the loser,
Whereto he only answered me, "By jingo!
 but that's new, sir."
(Vile wretch ! before posterity I'll be his soul's
 accuser.)
In wrath I, somewhat rashly, drew a scalpel
 from my pocket,
To amputate his humerus directly at the socket ;
But slips belong unhappily to surgery and danc-
 ing,
I stumbled on an orange peel while hastily
 advancing,
And only slightly wounded, through his "ready-
 made" habiliments,
Some *intercostohumeralcutaneousnervous* filaments ;
And then he called a gentleman, in deep ceru-
 lean blue,
With cabalistic symbols on his broidered collar
 too.
What ! a minstrel of "THE NATION"—there-
 fore one of "nature's nobs"—
To be sent with knights and aldermen and other
 prosy snobs,

For malt arrears, to Jericho—although, did
Guinness know it,
He'd bring me here his finest beer, and never
charge a poet.

I stood in the Insolvent Court—not one of all
my friends,
To save my soul from Newgate, as security
attends;
Though when I revelled gloriously on hock and
venison pie,
The deuce a one in Dublin had so many friends
as I.
Yet I thought that the indignant court would
strike away the fetter
That my creditor, in malice, wove to chain his
guileless debtor,
And would adjudge that I, to meet a schedule
pretty full,
Had rather more than plenty in a thorax and
a skull.
Besides—I thank *post-mortems*—I also claim as
mine,
A heart, and lungs, and liver, in a jar of spirits
of wine;
And curious little monsters from the Niger and
the Ganges,
An alderman's intestines, and a pickpocket's
phalanges—

As these were all my assets, *save a scapula and
carpus,*

I sang the following melody to soothe opposing
harpies :—

“ I give thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be ;
My heart and lungs are all my store,
And these I give to thee,

“ A heart where dilatation and
Hypertrophy are seen,
And lungs with countless tubercles
Upon them and between.”

They listened to my eloquence ; but yet, 'tis
very odd,

They sent me ignominiously, the savages, to
quod.

Farewell to “ *Poupart's ligament,*” the brain, and
coeliac axis,

The lancet and the tourniquet, the cannula and
taxis ;

Adieu “ St. Vincent's,” “ Dun's,” “ the Meath,”*
obstetrical diameters ;

I'm left alone, in quod to groan, or howl my
own hexameters,

* Three well-known Dublin hospitals.

And muse upon a law like this, so dolorously
funny,
That takes away my liberty because I haven't
money.
I could work before they quodded me, but devil
a thing at all
Can a body do in prison but apostrophise the
wall;
But I'm not without some distant hope of bet-
tering my fate,
And my hope, like many_others', is built upon
the grate;
No fire it has to solace me, but, better far, I
knew
That one of the detective force was always up
the flue;
So, as I ever like to have a little quiet fun,
I sat me down beside the hob, and (having
first begun
To damn the Court Insolvent for refusing my
petition)
I projected up the chimney a Vesuvius of se-
dition;
Especially on railway wars I came it very
strong,
And then I sang extempore a treasonable song,
Particularly lauding, in the chorus of my lays,
A pyrotechnic plan to set the Liffey in a blaze.

And my melody, no doubt of it, was sweet as
Hybla's dew
To the tympanum detective of the "crusher"
in the flue.
And now I'm hoping constantly—I trust not
without reason—
To be put upon my trial for sedition or high
treason,
And thus at once win martyrdom and Rich-
mond country air,
By means of "a delusion, a mockery, and a
snare."
But it very much depends upon the Alphabetic *
liver
Whether he'll believe, or not, the quiz about
the river.
Perhaps, if his digestion's good, he'll be a little
sceptical,
But men will snap at anything when surly
and dyspeptical.
So here I stay imploring the consonants and
vowels
To constipate imperviously the Alphabetic
bowels;

* T. B. C. Smith, the Attorney-General who conducted the State Prosecutions against the Repealers, was popularly known by the cognomen of "Alphabet Smith," in allusion to the number of initial letters which he prefixed to his name. ‡

And should the fate decree him "dura ilia
messorum,"
I confidently hope to stand ere long arraigned
before him,
Accused of "foul conspiracy," God knows,
perhaps to shatter
The Pigeon House with lollypops, or capture
Stoneybatter.
Then may the baffled Crown get up and dance
an Irish jig,
Or bring revolvers into court and singe my
counsel's wig,
Unless, indeed, *ad interim*, the fortune-telling
benchers
Adjudicate to stop at once my breath and mis-
adventures.

NO. V.—THE TAXMAN.

A moon ago, one morning, as I tried to kill
the blues
By the fragrance of manillas and elopements in
the news,
All suddenly the echo of a spurious double
knock
So startled me that both of them dropped from
me at the shock;

But my vinaigrette was near me—it was near
me, thank my stars,
For my nerves are very weak from dissipation
and cigars.
I sank upon the cushions of a lounge, rich and
thick
(Like all my other furniture, I had it upon
tick),
Till the valet brought me, grinningly, an ob-
long billet-doux,
With Queen Victoria's compliments requesting
one-pound-two.
By Parnassus, 'tis the taxman—he hath called
three times before—
"The phantom of the threshold"—the lion's
at the door ;
" Say, Tom, I'm sick, or not at home, and won't
be back at all."
" So I told him, please your honour, but he
wouldn't leave the hall."
Well, then, thought I, soft soldier must be
given as before ;
So I took a gentle stimulant, and hastened to
the door,
In my richest robe-de-chambre, and my Turkish
slippers too,
And my very blindest simper, I began with,
" Ah ! how do ? "

But the taxman spake unto me, "Three times
I've called in vain ;
By the Hokey, you shall rue it if you make me
call again."

(*Mem.*—Probably this Hokey's he whom savage
Muses sing—

Of all the islands cannibal the not unworthy
king.)

And then the door he most melodramatically
slammed—

A fine emphatic pantomime, expressing "You
be ——."

A week of doubt most terrible, of expectation dire,
And again the phantom cometh—he cometh in
his ire.

And the taxman spake unto me—he spake with
jeer and scoff,

"Fork out the blunt instanter, or I'll cant
your chattels off."

And thereto, besides, moreover, superadded he
an oath,

But the Muse, unused to swearing, to repeat it
here is loath ;

The Muse, a pious virgin, never swears but
when she's vexed—

So, alas ! for future critics on this here most
classic text ;

Screw microscopic goggles on each philologic
snout,
If the Muse don't tell you what he swore you'll
scarcely make it out.
But courage ! future philomaths, and friends
of lyric lore—
By Jingo—living Jingo—was the solemn oath
he swore ;
But who this awful Jingo is none know—'tis
very odd ;
He possibly of taxmen is the tin-devouring
god.
In vain to soothe the worshipper of Jingo I
began—
“ Dear sir, I'll tell mine uncle, who's a very
public man,
And whose ready generosity will gladly knuckle
down
Whatever tin I ask him for, from a yellow to a
brown ;
And if you call to-morrow, I, mayhap, shall
tell you then
What Sunday in the coming week you'd better
call again.”
Now the taxman spake *not* to me, but with
eccentric bound,
Like a bit of India-rubber, uprose he from the
ground ;

And falling round the corner, from the horizon
and from me
Went off hopping like a chess-knight or intoxicated flea.
But many an imprecation flitted back on zephyr's
wing—
By Jingo and by Hokey—by Hokey and by
Jing;
And though I know he loves me so, he'll surely
come again,
With certain raw crustaceæ, most likely, in his
train—
The phantom and his lobster host with calm-
ness I shall view,
For my uncle above-mentioned has supplied
the one-pound-two.

NO. VI.—THE DREAM.

Thirteen black coffins stood round the hall,
And the skulls grinned down at me, jeeringly
all;
And an old maiden's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tattered remains of a mouldering pall,
Clanked her lank shank from a nail in the wall—
My eye! what a swell for a fancy ball!

There were coils of intestine in *tormina* knotted ;
Hypertrophied hearts with the arch and carotid ;
There were frogs in a basin and toads in a
bottle—

A hard liver's liver—an alderman's throttle—
There were noses, from *schirrus*, immense and
elastic,

Which pathology designates *heteroplasic*—
If you ask me what that is, more plainly to
speak,
I obligingly tell you, at once, it is Greek.

Thirteen black coffins stood round the hall,
And the skulls grinned down at me, horribly
all ;

And an old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tattered remains of a mouldering pall,
Clanked her lank shank from a nail in the wall.
By Jing ! what a swell for a fancy ball !

There were arteries meeting in anastomosis ;
Item, caries, callus, superb exostosis ;
Hydrocephalic skulls of enormous proportions,
Snakes, fishes, and owls, and all nightmare
abortions,

From calves with three heads to tom-cats with
three tails ;

*Pigs, poultry, and beetles, bats, badgers, and
snails ;*

But the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
Was the frightfullest fright in ~~that~~ frightful
hall.

Thirteen black coffins stood round the wall,
And the skulls grinned down at me, chattering
all;

While the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tattered remains of a mouldering pall,
Clanked her lank shank, green and yellow with
gall.

Old Nick! what a swell for a fancy ball!

Now a strange wild music moaned through that
hall,

And a lurid and ghastly glare fell upon all!
The skeletons rattle their yellowish bones,
Pattering, clattering over the stones;
And a murderer's skull, with a grin that made
shiver,

Was cracking gall calculi found near a liver.
The three-tailed tabby begins to purr,
And the phantom badger to smoothe his fur.

Thirteen black coffins stand round the hall,
And the skulls grin down at me, mockingly all,
While the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tattered remains of a mouldering pall,
Clanks her lank shank from a nail in the wall.
Ventrebleu! what a swell at a fancy ball!

Monstrosities bellow and Cerberus howls,
There's a flapping of bats and a hooting of owls ;
The stuffed monkeys gibber, the great whales
grin,

And the ravenous shark moves his dorsal fin ;
The frogs are a-croaking, the toads crawl out,
And the hissing snakes wriggle around and
about.

Thirteen black coffins stand round the hall,
And the hollow skulls scowl on me, fearfully
all ;

But the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
In the tattered remains of a mouldering pall,
Thin as a ramrod, and yellow with gall,
Clanks her lank shank from a nail in the wall.
Do tell ! what a swell ! mummy belle ! at a
ball !

What with coffins and monsters, and death and
disease,

The devil may smoke a pipe here, if he please,
Though the odour would make the old gentle-
man sneeze,

And the night, too, is awful—at sea in a tub
Ride witches and warlocks and Beelzebub.

There is fear upon earth, there is terror on
high,

And the dull glare of tempest is hung in the sky.

Thirteen black coffins move round the hall,
 And the pale tenants glare on me, fiendishly
 all ;
 And the old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
 In the tattered remains of a mouldering pall,
 Which she wears with an air, as coquettes do
 a shawl,
 Clanks her lank shank from á nail in the wall,
 Kicks up her heels, and sends forth such a squall
 As never was heard at bar, bull-bait, or ball.

And still waxes louder the incubus-ball.
 The old maid's skeleton, gaunt and tall,
 Stalks to an ape from her nail in the wall,
 And away they spin in a waltz fantastic ;
 Thirteen black coffins stump round the hall,
 And the foul corses glare at me, hatefully all ;
 But the old maid's skeleton, rigid and tall,
 In the scattered remains of a mouldering pall,
 Clanks her lank shank at the incubus ball,
 Till her articulations snap, scatter, and fall,
 In haste, as if urged by galenicals drastic ;
 Then an Arctic bear, all shaggy and grim,
 Makes love to a porpoise that ogles him,
 Till away they scramble and climb and swim.
 Boas and crocodiles join the revels—
Liars and hypocrites, bigots and devils.

I'd have given more tin than I e'er had the
knack to lose
To have shoved from my thorax a grim ptero-
dactylus—
An amphibious monstrosity, half a mile long,
Which geology lately has given to song—
A personified nightmare, ten thousand years
lodger
On earth before Adam, that luckless old codger.
“Go it, boots!” and, forgetting my usual
urbanity,
I struck out right and left, perhaps uttered
profanity,
And danced like a Dervise attacked with insanity,
Till I staggered and fell on a part very tender,
I awoke, and—it seemed I'd “been out on a
bender!”

NO. VII.—A DREAM OF THE ROTUNDO.

“Ore Rotundo.”—*Hor.*

[Some of our country readers may not be aware that adjoining the Rotundo is the Lying-in Hospital where medical students are sent to study certain branches of their profession; but a knowledge of this fact is very essential to understanding “Shamrock’s” dream.—*Nation*, Oct. 24th, 1846.]

Every sound had subsided to silence away,
*And the long black-hair’d night in his age had
grown grey—*

The lamps burned sickly, the fires were dull red,
And the stars and policemen were marching to
bed—

The midwives had ceased to blow up one
another,
And the babe was at rest near the slumbering
mother.

Fatigued all the night by my efforts required
To forward Young Ireland, I felt very tired,
And I thought, since I've got nothing better
to do

(Here I yawned like a gentleman), I'll be in
too.

So I seized on the first vacant pallet I saw,
And lay, without metaphor, all in the straw.
Now, it makes no one's spirits remarkably
bright

To pace through the wards all the long win-
ter's night;

It is very depressing, dear Tresham,* believe,
To hear and see suffering you must not relieve;
So I felt very sad, and I said in my mind,
Were I back with the hills, and the streams,
and the wind—

* When this poem was written the Rev. Tresham Gregg was at the height of his celebrity as a No-Popery lecturer, and the Rotundo Gardens was his favourite place for orating.

Were I down in Tipperary a-chasing the *dear*,
I'd be shot ere I'd come to play Doctor Slop
here.

But to sleep in good humour 'tis always my
way,

By recalling some comical scene of the day.

I had heard that, next day, you and Snobs,
Snooks and Muff,

In the hospital gardens would cut a great puff—
Would badger the Pope, and of nunneries gloze,
Just under the master's obstetrical nose;

But your principal aim was to put down
Repeal

By the sanctified bleatings of reverend veal.

All that day I heard nothing so comic by half—

I was tickled, though grieved, you could be
such a calf,

And I went off to sleep with a sigh and a laugh;
But you still ruled my vision, with whimsical
sway,

Setting all things, confound you! sublimely
astray,

Till Repeal, and the Crotchet, the Pope, em-
bryology,

Tom Steele's latest speech, and dear *Punch's*
snobology,

*Danced quadrilles with Licete's gonopsychan-
thropology.*

Well, I dreamed that great cheers from the
square beneath broke,
And one of my patients in terror awoke.
"O Jove," said she, trembling all over, "deliver
me;"
"If he doesn't, I will," said I, "presently,
shiver me!"
"Is it flow'r-show, or music, or else a balloon
About to ascend to the man in the moon?"
As I waited on Juno in Ward Number Two,
I asked, but, lo! Tresham, they said it was
you,
So I walked to the window, and saw a great
crowd,
And heard a queer voice, less melodious than
loud,
And an audience, with hands independent of
soap,
Contracted their *flexors* and groaned for the Pope;
And I knew by the wondering brows of the
throng
That your reverence was pitching it deucedly
strong;
And the men took their hats off, and wildly
laid bare
All their bumps phrenologic to me and the air;
But what grieved me, some ladies, God help
them! were there.

Anon, by your *orbicularis*, 'twas plain
You were trying, no doubt, a satirical strain;
And in poisonous bitterness nought could
surpass it

Save hydrocyanic or strong nitric acid;
And a *risus sardonicus* showed very well
You were pitching Repeal and Repealers to —;
And of Papists you spoke with so rabid a hate,
We might whistle for heaven if you kept the
gate.

Like a German ghost story, 'twas horribly odd
To hear hatred preached by a servant of God—
That is, if a madman, unconscious of shame,
Because he wears black, may pretend to the
name;

For I'll fearlessly stake my professional skill
That whenever you die, as you certainly will,
The *post-mortem* inquest will show very plain
A large solid tumour compressing your brain,
Or serious effusion, or truly may be 'tis,
Poor man, that you suffer acute *arachnitis*.
But, whatever the devil's the matter, I know,
That your heart and your brain are but very
so-so.

Can you think that a calm and well organised
nation,
Will be stopped by a lunatic's frothy oration?

The millions who march like a strong spring-
 tide sea,
 When the tempest is white on the rocks of
 Kilkee?
 'Tis deliciously comic, believe me, to view
 The billows opposed by a pitchfork like you.
 The *risores* are pleasingly brought into play,
 And the diaphragm rapidly rattles away.
 Bid the fair tell their age—bid a medical
 student
 Give up punch and cheroots—bid a poet be
 prudent—
 Bid lightning and love obey measure and
 rule,
 Or try anything else that is worthy a fool;
 But don't, "an' thou lovest me," kill me with
 laughter,
 By politico-quixotic fustian hereafter—
 By a stolid attempt to revisit the nation
 With triangles, pitch-caps, drum-head legisla-
 tion,
 The pike and the bayonet, the screw and the
 rack,
 And the bloodhounds of law on conspiracy's
 track—
 By hallooing, to spring at the throats of each
 other,
 Your Catholic neighbour and Protestant brother,

That peace-making England may settle the
quarrel,
By ruining both of us, lock, stock, and barrel.
'Tis thus, you remember, the fox in the fable,
When the tiger and lion each other disable,
And both of them helplessly lie near the
prey,
With a sneer bears the prize from between
them away.
You mistake Ireland's heart to pour bigotry
in it,
For, like Dance's sieve, 'twill not hold you a
minute.
Very few, though you damned us each day in
the week,
Now believe that salvation's confined to a
clique.
So it seemed that you altered not God nor
your neighbour,
In fact, nothing, I thought, save my poor
patient's labour,
By the noise so affrighted. 'Twas vainly.
Alas!
I said, 'twas the magnified bray of an ass;
And thus did your nonsense, you restless old
sinner,
Keep them in their pangs, and the students
from dinner.

And I said, in my dream, "When your tail
is harangued,
Next time, take it off somewhere else, and be
hanged.

If you give a poor creature puerperal fever,
Will the 'glorious and pious,' and soforth
relieve her?"

Could your friends have guessed what was
your rev'rence about,

Or your excellent mother have known you
were out *—

I protest had you waltzed, without buckram to
hide

The region where horror is said to reside,
Through byway and highway, through building
and square,

You could scarcely make people so titter and
stare,

As you do by that mixture of fudge and theology,
Which, henceforth, in Maynooth and in Trinity
College, I

Hope after you they will name Thrashyology.
I've a thorough contempt for all ranting and
spouting,

For cackling and braying, for howling and
shouting ;

* The worthy lady is matron of the Lying-in Hos-
pital, where our poet dreams.—Printer's Devil.

For hypocrites, snarlers, and foplings and fools,
Political traders, and sycophant tools,
And punch-inspired madmen to bombast who
treat us—

Interrupted by hiccough and mully-grubbitis ;
But I say what I think both in prose and in
song,

And to none of those ranks I believe you
belong.

I am sure you're sincerer, and certainly madder
Than the man who supposed he had frogs in
his bladder,

And was highly indignant at anyone joking
In a way seemed to doubt of their bouncing
and croaking ;

And you, if my calm diagnosis be right,
Are not less affected with bladderumskite.

The lion may roar, and the donkey may bray,
And the fox and the jackal lay snares in our
way ;

But the treason of friend or the hatred of foes
Shall not alter our purpose the length of your
nose,

Through the waves round us raging, our fated
career

*With gaze fixed on heaven, right onward we
steer.*

Charybdis and Scylla, the Whig and the Tory,
 May heighten the peril, but also the glory.
 In vain shall the "Arcades ambo" wax wroth,
 While we know and avoid and shall laugh at
 them both—
 'Tis a very stiff gale that would force us to
 tack,
 But the devil himself shall not make us drift
 back
 Till we reach the fair haven already in view
 With honour, and joy, and security too—
 Unconquered by force and by treason unhurt
 As sure—perhaps more—as a tail's to your
 shirt.

NO. VIII.—A REVERIE.

[The Bard apostrophiseth a Skeleton.]

Old friend, I rattle your lank phalanges,
 Forget my lapses of heart and pen ;
 May some one duck me in Nile or Ganges,
 If e'er I wander from you again.
 Before you judge me, dear Phos., remember
 You once had feeling as well as I :
 And *man*, like nature, ere wise December,
 Must glow and ripen in fierce July.

In youthful Summer, with visions glorious,
Through flow'ry valleys we dance along,
And dream that ever, as now, victorious,
The soul shall triumph in love and song.
The shadows gather—the Autumn's sober-
Est adumbration is o'er us cast;
And love and glory in chill October
Like dead leaves wither in sorrow's blast.
But while I sadly all this am thinking,
I twig a wrinkle upon your phiz.
Why, bless me! hang me! man, don't be winking;
And stop your grinning, you toothless quiz.
They reared me badly. I'll make my offspring
(That's when I get them, of course, I mean)
From Homer, Euclid, Moliere, and Gough
spring—
They only dye one absurdly green.

[And sneereth at Terpsichore.]

But make them, Jingo! unrivalled dancers;
I lost the fairest of maidens once,
Because I knew not those blasted "Lancers,"
And waltzing always affects my scone.
Alas! if "*deux temps*" might yet redeem her,
By all that's dizzy, I dare not try,
Because 'twould fracture, I'm sure, my femur,
And let off fireworks from either eye;

And I'm so dismal at rout and revel,
So very gloomy at screech and ball,
My hugest wonder is why the devil
They ever ask me to go at all.
That folk should wildly, in latest fashions,
From *Belle Assemblée* or else *Album*,
Thus write and gyrate, of human passions,
To me seemed ever by far most rum.
Through waltz and polka to tramp and wriggle,
For sober student is fearful doom—
To fall, while round you they grin and giggle—
Tripped, dodged, and badgered about the
room,
As I'm a poet, it is my duty
To smoke until I become sublime
(Whene'er my harp-string is touched for beauty)
The best of fibrine and salts of lime;
And so, defying the highest prices,
I pop a lancet and puff cigars,
(Though twist in common the Muse suffices,)
Until, like Horace, "I touch the stars."

[He tryeth the metallic style.]

I squeezed her fingers, and then, grown bolder,
Said such a Venus I never knew;
And many bouncers, Blarnesque, I told her,
Alike romantic and quite as true.

Satanic stanzas I wrote like Byron,
And drew strong figures from red-hot coal,
And swore the (mem.—'tis tonic) iron
Through lungs and gizzard had pierced my
soul !
To "cap the climax" of botheration,
Being "strictly moral," I played the lyre
(liar)—
I raved of "scorching infuriation,"
And Hecla-Ætna-Vesuvian ire.
The calculus, I calculated,
Was very likely her heart to win,
"Ethereally," if "sublimated"
With steam and "fluxions" through thick
and thin.
I said—"Dear maid, you resemble vastly
A lighthouse decking some mountain brow,
Round which the billows in 'orgies ghastly'
Kick up an everlasting row."
With stars I stuffed my speech, and with Mick
Scott, the wizard, all in a breath—
I plunged in labyrinths logarithmic,
And rode poor Newton almost to death.
And when I asked her for life to take me,
And she, dear creature, my ways and
means,
*I said the Iron Archduke would make me
Assistant-surgeon to the Horse Marines ;*

And how affected to see me—very!—

Was that dear kinsman, the Iron Duke,
Who gave me, weeping, *tinctura ferri*,
A sword, and fastened it with a hook.

I mystified her on conic sections,
“Fog-horns,” and diving, and battlements,
“Lay pontiffs,” brandy, and Clare elections,
And “gorgeous ethic experiments.”

[Finale.]

We'll drop the subject—I hate long stories,
Onions, spiders, and “nice” young men—
I hate the English, both Whigs and Tories—
Suffice, we never shall meet again.
And so, old fellow, another Winter
We'll work together in prose and rhyme,
Unless a scalpel, or awkward splinter,
Or fever, floor me before my time.

NO. IX.—MY COUSIN.

Sharp goddess! who rulest o'er “chambers to
let”

To adventurous youth for the most thou canst
get;

Of all the Olympians the artfullest dodger,
Delighting in groans of the bachelor lodger,

Who bleeds at thy altar in exquisite pain,
While thy temple resounds with his shriekings
in vain.

Oh ! smile on my song—'tis peculiarly thine ;
And behold, as an offering, I bring to thy
shrine

A black eye, a rent heart, and a desolate
pocket,
And a curl of false hair in a copper-gilt locket.

Six days had elapsed, almost seven, indeed, in
Silence and peace at my last two-pair Eden—
When at dusk, as the Muse for her coffee was
ringing,

I was scared by the wail of Miss Lovelittle
singing.

As I asked Mrs. L. but for quiet and water,
I never had heard of her musical daughter
Till a villainous jarvey from Booterstown
brought her.

Young girls, if pretty, may sing as they please ;
For a man comes to think, in such case, by
degrees,

That no Venus could warble such strains
cytherean

From her sweet *ary-teno-epiglottidean* ; *

* Part of the larynx, the organ of voice.

And I could, from the havoc song made in my
heart, allege

That Cupid resides in the *thyroid cartilage*.*

But if no great *shake's* to be heard or be seen,
C'est une autre affaire—'tis "more t'other," I
ween.

And so when I heard that Miss L. had grown
hoarse,

I was sorry—oh, yes!—very—rather—of course:
But seeing her downcast, to soothe her afflict-
tion,

I tickled her first, and then wrote a prescrip-
tion—

She left me all smiles, and I never saw finer
Displayed *zygomatichi major* and *minor*.

I wrote "pulv. sacch. albi and mitte sex tales,"
For this musical miracle's *chordæ vocales*—

Let her spare for a time her angelical *larynx*,
And deluge with tea all her *fauces* and *pharynx*.
She by no means could sing, nay, was scarcely
to speak,

And so I had peace for one fortunate week.
It is needless to say she grew rapidly better,
And sent me a perfumed triangular letter
Enclosing an air, and, by way of variety,
A card for a squeal at some howling society.

* Part of the *larynx*.

All this time, with mamma, I was labelled
perfection—

Such a lodger, she said, was a pride, a protection,
A phoenix, a griffin, a very uncommon 'un;
In fact, an unparalleled two-pair phenomenon;
So quiet, good-humoured, so studious and
prudent,

And "almost a sanctified" medical student.

Now I thought so much blarney suspiciously
odd,

And allied to a haddock's first cousin—a cod;
For I've lived long enough, though not tooth-
less, to learn

They who plaster your face take revenge on
your stern;

And the reader will see I was not very wrong
Ere he reach to the end of this sorrowful song.

This summer my cousin came up from the
South,

Just because a "strange kiss" was annoying
her mouth;

And now-a-days ladies think nothing of hopping
Fifty miles after breakfast to go an hour shop-
ping.

Sweet Mary, my cousin, from Heaven inherits
Good nature and beauty, good sense and high
spirits;

Without affectation of fashion or lore,
She is just what you see her, no less and no
more ;

With wit rich and brilliant as summer-dropt
rain,

To the breast of the weakest she never caused
pain ;

Yet the passion and pride and the love of
Tipp'rary

At intervals flash from my wild cousin Mary—
No prude on the one hand, nor flirt on the
other,

And, in fact, I'm her cousin—thank God!—not
her brother.

'Twas natural, of course, in my gladness and
haste,

• That somehow my arm should encircle her
waist ;

It stole round, and was met with such artless
good will,

That I wish from my soul it were trembling
there still.

Well, we chatted a long time, as cousins will
chat,

Of friends and relations—of this one and
that ;

And between every story of that one and this
I kissed her—as surely a cousin may kiss.

Here I can't quote the Fathers for aid, to be sure,
But I could the less nice and more musical
Moore.

They say contiguity aids inflammation,
But here it shared not my complete isolation,
Who, in bachelor loneliness, all the year round
Live shut up from my kind, like a bull in a
pound.

"Come, tell me," said Mary, displaying her
glove

And the little hand in it, "were you ever in
love?

The truth—the whole truth—no concealment
should be

Between you and a friend—I mean cousin—
like me."

"In love! my dear Mary! ay, dozens of times,
And I've thereupon written some acres of
rhymes;

But, though arrows were fixed in my bosom as
thickly

As fruit in plum-pudding, I convalesce quickly,
Unaided by aught save philosophy's pure ray
And the youthful heart's *vis medicatrix naturæ*.
When a lover is gridironed thoroughly brown,
Let him try homœopathy sooner than drown,
And with this dose of folly drive the other one
down.

Talk of gunshots and ~~stabs~~!—but there's nothing, by gorra, kills

A man off so sure as *hypertrophied auricles*—

That fatal derangement, so surely advancing
In the train of pic-nics, Valentining, and dancing.
Some men have their hearts, between flirts and
flirtation,

In a state of perpetual acute inflammation.”

But Mary liked not such a jesting reply,
And the dawn was o'ercast in the blue of her eye,
And, as cloudlets career from the summer
wind's chase,

The ghost of a frown flittered over her face ;
But deponent avers, on his harp, 'twas about
The most wretched attempt ever made at a pout.
Still, presto ! at once to the dismal I glided ;
For poets are prisms, and all many-sided.
So let us look gloomy, and classic, and blue,
And cut with the comic the anapæsts too.

“ My cousin ! if the poet's heart

Unveil to human eyes

The wound of memory's poisoned dart,

That every balm defies,

'Tis not to soothe a morbid gloom,

Or cause thy tears to flow,

That I unbar the bosom's tomb

And 'wake the buried woe.”

Beneath, in funeral darkness hid,
Young Hope encharnelled lies—
Nor would I lift the coffin lid
Except to Mary's eyes.
And yet my tale is briefly told—
A tale of every day—
The heart in boyhood e'en made cold,
Too early thrown away.
Some hearts there are will twine their
strings
Like tendrils of the vine,
Round all contiguous lovely things,
And such, alas! was mine.
I worshipped all things beautiful—
I loved the low wind's tune;
I loved at night to hear the bird
That serenades the moon;
I loved the roaring cataract
That thunders from the rock,
And breaks its solid prison walls
In fragments with the shock.
I loved the bounding thunderbolt
Among the Irish hills—
I loved to see its lurid glare
Illume the whitened rills.
And faery minstrels round me played
Upon the midnight breeze,
And from the founts I called up sylphs
And syrens from the seas.

Aglaia, fair Euphrosyne,
Thalia—Graces three—
With linkèd limbs, from Tenedos
Came o'er the silver sea ;
And all the bright Castalides,
From cool Pierian caves,
With zoneless bosoms, sang to me,
And tritons from the waves.
The waves!—the waves!—the Atlantic
waves!
Like plumèd hosts that bound,
And, like thy tides, my spirit swelled,
Dark Ocean ! at thy sound.
But not the fires that flash on high,
Nor streams beneath that roll,
Like woman's hallowed beauty made
The music of my soul.
And her sweet smile o'er all my dreams
Like stars on fountains played,
And in the vesper hour I heard
Her whispers thrill the shade ;
And round her graceful form I flung
The purple clouds of song,
Until the vision dazzled me,
Although it lived not long.
Now undeceived, no more a lover,
Life's brightest, saddest dream is over.

I toiled up Love's Vesuvius, resolved to die or
win it,
And, like *L'Homme Blazé*, find 'it only smokes,
there's nothing in it.'
I only hope for friendship now,
To cheer my lonely way,
And chase remembrance from my brow,
With gently winning ray;
Then sun me in thy cloudless eyes,
Be all the past forgiven,
And should remorseful mem'ries rise,
Oh, speak of Hope and Heaven!"

(*Mem.*—This fusillade of pathos I have always
found victorious,
If properly supported by the muscle *amato-*
rius.*)

"But truce to sadness and digression.
Voici, ma chere, the entire confession.
Thrice my shafts the fates have parried—
My first flame's dead, my second married—
The third (she's gone to France) one day
In tears and sofa-cushions lay—
So, drawing innocently near her,
I tried to rally, soothe, and cheer her.
Why spin the tale? In that blest hour
Long-prisoned Love proclaimed his pow'r ;

* A muscle of the orbit used in ogling.

Wild words I spoke, the most sincere
 That Song e'er poured in Beauty's ear ;
 And oh ! her words, remembered dearly,
 Still ring within my bosom clearly—
 And though the links are broken now
 That bound us then with mutual vow,
 I know that then her words were true—
 Her feelings' springs were fresh and new—
 Her melting lips, Love's very shrine,
 Then ever warmly welcomed mine.
 No practised airs had she t' assist her,
 Sweet rose ! she trembled when I kissed her—
 And as the tides forth from my soul
 Of love and song would mingled roll,
 She clasped in tears her minstrel lover,
 Like flow'rs from which the dews rill over."

Here to make the tale impressive, my arm again
 stole round her.

(*Mem.*—This very artless gesture seemed in no
 way to astound her.)

"My fourth"— "Oh ! come," said Mary,
 "don't you think that three will do ?

Now, I don't believe one-third of what you
 tell me can be true—

Were you ever once undoubtedly ?" "Dear
 Mary, yes, alas !

And here behold her portrait !" and I led her
to the glass.

Now, all this time, in love being a wretched
tactician,

I forgot that the keyhole commands our position,
And the landlady, crouched like a cat in a passion,
And one eye closed up in the sharpshooter
fashion,

Was squinting—no eye ever squinted as can
her's—

At our simple endearments and primitive man-
ners,

Till her glance, that would turn new milk into
cider,

Flashed fire through the keyhole, and murdered
a spider,

Who therein, like Napoleon, with gusto and
skill,

Was applying geometry merely to kill.

The mine was exploded—she says, in a fume,
She wouldn't have such goings on in *her* room.

“You romp with the housemaid, you flirt with
my nieces,

And have broken the peace of my daughter to
pieces.”

Now, reader, there's far less connexion between
her

And me than there is 'twixt a *carpus* and
femur ;

But this was a piece of artistical dodging
To keep Mary away evermore from my lodging.
Yet I answered her calmly and pleasantly—

“ Ah! so!”

Hitching up, with a smile, my retiring Tom-
maso,*

“ Pray, ma'am, would you think me so very
imprudent,

If a poet, a brick, and a medical student,
Received at her hands that indulgent humanity
Which, with shower-baths and time, soothes
both love and insanity?

But as to her peace, Major Thunderbolt broke
it.

Put that in your pipe, my dear madam, and
smoke it.

And to prove that I know your pet lobster, I
wager

A month's rent that I give a true sketch of the
Major:

He has gooseberry eyes, and a conical head,
With an elephant's snout, but amazingly red;
Long, lank, incoherent, with swaggering pace,
Supercilious and don't-care-a-damn-for-you face,
And a nursery of whisker from dewlap to pole,
Like a garrisoned rampart defending the whole.”

* *Vulgo*, Tommy.

But here her brow flushed to a sort of a curious
Anti-teetotalish atropurpureus,
And she faced me full front, wheeling swiftly
about on
Her—dear me!—her—thank God for Greek—
epiglouton.^{*}
Ah! woman, that tongue of thine—young ones
and old—
Is worse than a scalpel, by Jove, when you
scold,
And, Bellona-like, charge, in life's battle, across
us
With your genio-cherito-chondrio-glossus:—†
“As for Lucy, Lord knows it were better the
Major,
Or a private, indeed, than a quack, should
engage her.
Oh, yes! you're a doctor? but, faith, if your pill
Is all like what I got, you'll cure less than you
kill;
For a fortnight I hadn't an hour to myself,
And they settled a cat that found one on the shelf.
Though you think you look wise in your specs,
since you got 'em,
Had you twenty glass eyes, you're a humbug at
bottom.”

^{*} Bustle—*Epi*, upon, and *Gloutos*.
[†] A muscle of the tongue.

So profanely she spoke to my face, Heaven
bless her!

Oh! were I a bear, just for once to caress her!
Had they tickled your bustle for Greek till you
stuck to it—

Were you thrashed for “amando,” as I was, bad
luck to it—

Were you bothered with “tupto,” and “harum,”
and “horum,”

Trigonometry, sines, and the “pons asinorum,”
And driven in youth to profound desperation
By fluxions, cube-roots, and quadratic equation;
With diphthongs, and triphthongs, and prosody
crammed,

Till you wished all the poets most thoroughly
damned;

And gone through all this scientific hum
With a sugar-cane constantly kissing your bom-
Bazine, you would place an implicit reliance
On the spectacled pontiffs of Latin and science,
Who have thundering names for all possible
herbs—

Who can wriggle like eels through irregular
verbs—

Who are equally ready for fractures or frac-
tions,

And of Trismus or grammar can solve the con-
tractions.

But vain all my efforts her wrath to allay—
As vain as to call for accounts at Burgh-quay.*
I was put, without mercy, instanter to rout,
And a bill is suspended where late I hung out,
To lure other gulls to a similar doom
In that poluphloisboiacal † two-pair back room,
Where screeching and strumming o'erburthen
the air,
And one's do-re-mi-fa-sol-la'd into despair.
Did they talk of statistics, the moon, or geology,
Mathematics, hydraulics, the tides, ichthyology—
Did they constantly quote Lytton Bulwer and Byron,
And were blue as the perferrocyanate of iron, ‡
All this, as at parting that cracker I told her,
A lodger, like Atlas, must bear on his shoulder.
But Atlas himself would undoubtedly swoon
If thus harrowed by harpsichords never in tune,
Where daily Bellini in torture expires
On a musical rack—the most hateful of lyres.

* When these lines were first printed, some of the public journals were calling for a publication of the monetary accounts of the Repeal Association, which used to meet in Conciliation Hall on Burgh-quay.

† *Loud resounding.*

‡ *Prussian blue.*

No more—no more—oh ! never more by me
A quarter's rent for lodging shall be due ;
A month is all, I sorrowfully see,
Chambers, however beautiful and new,
The temporary tent of him can be
Who seems first cousin to the Wandering
Jew ;
From front to rear, from top to bottom roving—
Destined for ever to "push on, keep moving."

No more—no more—oh ! never more a d—n
The bard shall care for puffs, in prose or
verse,
Of board and lodging. It is all a sham,
Delusion, mockery, and snare, or worse.
Full sure, from sad experiences, I am,
The curse of Cain is this peculiar curse ;
The most zigzag of comets ruled my birth,
And I am doomed "a *lodger* on the earth."

I must absquotulate—perhaps I can
Live in a jarvey—ah ! but then, the toll !
Ye Whigs ! I'll take a place—the watch-
house van—
(Roll on, thou *deep* and long blue crusher,
roll !)

A hearse, a wherry, turf-boat, or sedan.
I'm weary of conjecture, 'pon my soul—

Stop! stay! "To let, new cottage, neat and airy"—

I'll go at once and visit it with Mary.

Venus! 'twas blushing with the rose's bloom
Around green doors and trellises that
clung,
And bees, at noontide, through the fragrant
gloom
With filmy wings o'er teeming flow'rets
hung,
Until away, through glowing furze and broom,
The wingèd chemists sweetly homeward
sung;
Ripe fruits drooped down, enwreathed by sweet
wild briar,
Sleeping embraced, bathed in meridian fire.

Around the windows trailers cling and lean,
The south wind softly through the case-
ment sighs;
In yonder bower of laurels, ever green,
A marble Cupid, half in ambush, lies,
His arrows shining the rich flowers between,
As through thy ringlets, Mary, flash thine
eyes.
And here might sport fair children half a
dozen—
Would it not answer us, my lovely cousin?

"Us!" said my cousin, deeply blushing—
 "us!"

But, if surprise gave forth that magic tone,
 Surprise is queen of music. And while thus
 Silent we stood within that bower alone,
 Echo or Cupid clearly answered, "*Us!*"

We gazed together on the sculptured
 stone—
 And our eyes met. If thou hast not been a
 lover,
 Reader, 'twere vain the sequel to discover.

NO. X.—THE CIRILLA PULCHELLA.

Let no one suppose, for a moment, I've got any
 Notion of deeply discoursing on botany,
 For my love horticultural only began
 As I travelled, last week, in the Toom caravan;
 When the sweetest of florists first taught me to
 love

The startling appellative mentioned above.
 It was dark the first stage, but as day slowly
 broke,
 One by one, with a yawn, all the "insides"
 awoke,
 And the first words I heard were, "Take care,
 Isabella—

Take care and don't crush the Cirilla Pulchella."

'Twas a lady that spoke to her daughter, who'd
got

A very small flower in a very queer pot ;
The Cirilla Pulchella—for florists, like fame,
Often give to small things a magnificent name.

Ad rem—all that day 'twas my fortunate lot
To take care of the daughter, the flow'r, and
the pot.

The two latter I pass, for my tale is confined
To the first, who was young, unaffected, and
kind,

Intelligent, fair, and with spirit and sense
To silence a fool or resent an offence.

What wonder, then, that, though she'd lecture
for hours

On the nature and culture of all sorts of flow'rs,
My abstracted remark, when I heard it all
through,

Was "Oh ! what a meltingly beautiful blue."

"That ! 'tis pink," with a smile my instructress
replies.

"Blue as heaven," I answered, and gazed in her
eyes.

For an hour after this my imprudent reply
Isabella was silent, and tried to look shy.

(With a compliment rarely the graces inspire me,
*But the next time I try one "the devil admire
me."*)

At length our eyes met, and her laugh, sweet
and clear,

I wonder mamma, though asleep, didn't hear.
Then friendly relations again were renewed,
And the heads of our former flow'r lectures
reviewed ;

No more like a tortoise the caravan steals—
'Twas Cupid in traces, 'twas love upon wheels :
I thought like steam-engines the wretched
hacks ran,

Whilst I feasted on flow'rs in the Toom caravan.
But such bliss could not last. As Mountrath
we approach,

A very wet gentleman entered the coach,
And two very stout ones, both practical dum-
mies,

Till we shivered with damp, and were squeezed
into mummies.

Now, the very wet gentleman talked very
much

Of turnips and cabbage, Swedish and Dutch,
And described Durham bulls, from their tails to
their noses,

Till he silenced all converse of tulips and roses ;
But happily her lectures had made me so
wise,

I could now read the "language of flow'rs" in
her eyes.

This I did with great zeal, and I think could
discern

She was pleased with a pupil so anxious to
learn.

Here let me digress, for a moment, to say,
The parterre she so loves on her cheek and brow
lay—

Young roses and lilies the purest were there,
For Nature, uncrippled by art, made her fair.
The heart in that breast, by corset unconfined,
Heaved, panted, and glowed at a thought of
the mind.

(Why “paint the rose,” fair ones? why seek
you to clasp

Of Venus the bust in the waist of a wasp?
’Tis a blasphemy thus to presume you improve
The last work with which God crowned His
labour of love.)

Then, unaided by aught save her own swelling
muscles,

She never once dreamed of those horrible
bustles.

O Hymen! with pity look down on the man
Who discovers his wife to be horse-hair and
bran.

To return. The wet gentleman talked about hops,
Bank charters and railways, the weather and
crops;

Then he ventured on politics, spoke of the
laws,

Of the crimes of Tipp'rary, *but not of their cause.*

"The soil," said the wet man, "with murderers
swarms,"

But here Isabella at once took up arms.

She spoke with a kindling expression might
serve a

Flora arrayed in the casque of Minerva ;

Such, of yore, on Barnane, of a huntress and
queen,

Was the glance and the spirit, the voice and
the mien.

"When the beast of the forest is chased to his
lair,

He turns and destroys in the rage of despair ;

But men, fierce as they, must behold without
ire

All they love, by your bloodhounds tormented,
expire.

And, forsooth, all the crimes of the land they
have done,

If, to thousands you murder, they immolate
one ;

If blood, fraud, and tears have built Widow-
scourge Hall,

Shall we weep when the thing and its architect
fall ?"

Thereupon the wet gentleman shivered; but
more

Spake not till at Dublin he floated ashore;
Then I heard him "O Lord!" in a faint accent
say,

As he dived from the door and swam swiftly
away.

Thus our journey (here o'er), like the great one
of life,

Had its fever and noise, its flirtation and strife;
In the last *stage* of life, too, thus friendship
must sever,

And who cheered ~~the~~ long way have departed
for ever.

Thus I thought—and the thought was twin
child with a sigh—

When I found I should bid my sweet florist
good-bye.

Yet gaily I tried to assure Isabella—

While I settled her shawl and took down her
umbrella,

And drew from its niche the Cirilla Pulchella—
That, though there can scarcely be breathing
a man

Who detests more than I do a slow caravan—
Though I hate to sit six in what only holds
three—

Though I hate to pay dear for equivocal tea—

Though I hate to be cramped till no joint
 knows its socket,
 The hat crushed on my head, the wine spilled
 in my pocket—
 Though I hate, with bronchitis when travelling
 to town,
 Fat ladies t' insist to keep both windows
 down—
 Or, if feverish and sick, some fresh air I desire,
 To hear stout folk declare in a breeze they'd
 expire—
 Notwithstanding all these, and a great many
 more,
 That make a slow coach an unparalleled bore—
 I declared that, with her, the abhorred caravan
 Like a high-mettled steam-engine all the way
 ran ;
 And the journey of life in her presence would
 be
 All railway, full pressure, first carriage, to me ;
 But mamma, who had missed her, here came
 to the door—
 I pressed her small hand, and beheld her no
 more.

NO. XI.—TO THE FRAULEIN VON BUMMEL.

“If you’d go for to think for to dare for to try to beat
me at lyrics,
Man would fall down with the laughing, and woman
go off in hysterics.”

In vain alchemic hieroglyphs to charm me
now, whereas I hum
Love-songs all day, and look as pale as *oxide of*
potassium.
How bitterly my bosom has your coldness, at
the revel, stung,
For falsehood smells like stinking stone,* and
broken vows are devil’s dung.†
Oh! did I own, far, far away, some spicy and
tobaccoed isle,
I’d smoke and sigh the livelong day, and curse
the salts of *kakodyle*,
With *sulphuretted hydrogen*, *ammonia*, and *kalium*,
And sit most sentimentally in buffo, and Haynes
Bailey hum.
I cause among the Burschen‡ all considerable
merriment,
By swallowing the *alcohol* intended for experi-
ment;

* A variety of carbonate of lime.

† *Stercus Diaboli*—*Asafoetida*.

‡ Students.

And from the grave professors, too, incur enormous odium,
 For once, instead of tea, I filled their pot with
 salt of *sodium* ;
 The world guffaws, not without cause, to see
 me quite dejected thus—
 My languages forgotten, and my sciences
 neglected thus.
 The old may scold, the young give tongue, fall
 flat the fat, and laugh the lean,
 To see me spill the *glyceryl*, and fill my pipe
 with *naphthaline*.
 Contract four flexors, lovely Frau, and take me
 to your pectorals—
 A doctor skilled to kill or cure and readily
 detect your ills.
 Oh ! think of what a treasure in *pertussis* or
sciatica,
 In *catalepsy*, mullygrubs, or *facies hypocratica*.
 Beware, my fair, or hear me swear, by Ahriman,
 that if you're stiff,
 Your acid frown shall, slap bang down, precipitate
 me o'er a cliff.
 Farewell, then, dear companions, and farewell,
cenæ deorum,
 Where we talk'd *de rebus omnibus*, with *notæ*
variorum,
 But always perorated with a scientific jorum.

We supped on *theobromine*, * and perhaps at
times we quaffed a late
Crucible of alcohol, disputing of a *naphthalate*,
Till our noses glowed like *cinnabar*, † and
many a yellow rum bum-
Per, hot and cold, flowed on like gold, or
iodine of plumbum.
Retorts sublime, we slaked our lime, until the
morning star, boys,
Beheld us fall, with *beakers* ‡ all, and roll
among the *carboys*. §
But now a very absent man, I've scarcely got
a word to say,
Or, if I show my teeth at all, 'tis something
most absurd to say ;
And even at the operas, among the gods and
• top-row lights,
I ruminate on *behemoths* and chew the cud on
coprolites.
And shall I howl to Venus still, as dogs to
Luna wail,
When robbed by cruel science of the birthright
of a tail ?

* Literally, "food of the gods."

† Red sulphuret of mercury—vermillion.

‡ Tall glasses.

§ Vessels guarded with wicker-work, generally used
for preserving large quantities of concentrated acid.

And shall I *in suspension* hang, to glorify thee,
 eh? Nay,
 Nor in the meerschaum plunge * by way of
balneum arenæ.†
 We are not *isomorphous* ‡ in our souls, thou
 fair deceiver,
 And I to coquetry's *retort* decline to play *receiver*.
 Nor would my heart *amalgamate* with that of a
 divinity
 Who could not cling to mine with more than
chemical affinity.
 No! fuse me in a furnace **blast**! I'll sing that
 Celtic air,
 "Go to the d— and *shake* yourself," to banish
 my despair.
 For what's a queen in diamonds, with her
 coronation garb on,
 But *Calcium* and *Phosphorus*, § *Hæmatosine*, ||
 and *Carbon*? ¶
 But we who breathe the "laughing gas" ** are
 something more than lime;
 For who, save gods and alchemists, can make
 the *base sublime*?

* Sea foam. † Sandbath. ‡ Similar.

§ We presume that the writer puts calcium and phosphorus loosely for phosphate of oxide of calcium, in allusion to the principal constituents of the skeleton.

|| A compound of the blood, from *aima*.

¶ The diamond is pure carbon.

** Protoxide of nitrogen.

I'll take unto me crucibles and capsules, tubes
and funnels,
And pour down mine æsophagus } rich German
wine in runnels ;
And though my frozen *Fraulein* like to Aphro-
dite * wore a form,
'Twill act upon my occiput like *ether* and like
chloroform ;
And ever on mine optics shall the vision of
that maiden jar,
Erewhile that thrilled me with a shock more
powerful than a *Leyden jar*. †

MORAL.

'Tis evil wind blows nothing good. Although
love fled away,
The minstrel found himself a lyre—the cove
found thus a bay ;
For as winds from forests music, or as tongues
from bells ding-dong,
As fire from lead draws silver, so does love
from mortals song.

* Venus.

† A jar in which the electricity generated by the
cylinder is accumulated.

DEAR LAW.*

WHEN comes the day his bills to pay
And place them on the file,
A poet's duns get nought but puns
Or tropes, and "splendid bile ;"
And bards are seen for ever green,
And poetesses blue ;
But shiners red for him are spread
Who fondly clings to you,
Dear Law !
Who fondly clings to you.

When I behold judicial gold
('Tis thus the lawyer deems),
Harmonious fudge ne'er made a judge,
So damn poetic dreams.
I think that verse, however terse,
For Crampton would not do ;
So with my lyre I light the fire—
We must talk *prose* to you,
Dear Law !
We must talk *prose* to you.

My grandsire died the "jug" inside,
They bagged and caged him there ;
His only dodge to board and lodge
Too long in one two-pair.

* A parody on the "Dear Land" of "Slievegullion."

Through court and lane he fled in vain—
The bum more swiftly flew,
And popped him in for want of tin,
A hopeless slave to you,
Dear Law !
A hopeless slave to you.

My boyish ear was cocked to hear
How Blackburne garnered ore,
Expert to wheel with Grey or Peel,
And still amassing more—
Of those who know to "jump Jim Crow"
The philosophic few—
Until I burn like them to *turn*,
And dance the Rat-waltz too,
Dear Law !
And dance the Rat-waltz too.

What way is best to line my nest,
To find, I much desire :
But this I know—song's not the go—
And shun the blasted lyre.
So here, you twig, my trusty Vig,*
The reason I withdrew
From Poet's nook—in peace to hook
Some splendid fish from you,
Dear Law !
Some noble whale from you.

* *A nom de plume* used by D. F. M'Carthy.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG POET.

I.

SNOOKS, my friend, I see with sorrow
How you waste much precious time—
Notwithstanding all you borrow—
In concocting wretched rhyme.

Do not think that I fling any
Innuendoes at your head,
When I state the fact that many
Mines of Wicklow teem with lead.

Snooks, my friend, you are a ninny
(Class, mammalia—genus, muff,)
If you hope to make a guinea
By such caterwauling stuff.

Lives of poets all remind us
We may write "demnition" fine,
Leaving still unsolved behind us
The problem, "How are bards to dine?"

Problem which perhaps some others,
As through life they dodge about,
Seeing, shall suppose our mothers
Did not know that we were out.

Hang the bard, and cut the punster,
Fling all rhyming to the deuce,
Take a business tour through Munster,
Shoot a landlord—be of use.

Man, dear Snooks, was born a sinner
(You owe me, by the way, a pound)—
And, therefore, daily craves a dinner
While this treadmill world goes round.

Round and round it whirls for ever,
We must tread it for our sins,
Up and down, and resting never—
If we stop, it breaks our shins.

Do not mince the matter, neighbour—
You must work as others do ;
Up at cockerow to your labour,
And at midnight working too.

Or, would you earn an easy penny,
Try some old established dodge ;
Bigotry is best of any,
At ———, or an Orange Lodge.

How I wish, O Snooks, that some bug
Or flea would give your back a squeeze ;
People have no time for humbug
When obliged to fight the fleas.

This I learned in Newgate prison,
Where in hours of dreary night,
Ere the dismal sun had risen,
'They charged me, centre, left, and right.

All my skill was ineffective,
Horse and foot they rushed in droves,
So I prayed that a detective
Might be sent to nab the coves.

But the Board could not determine
On a sacrifice so great;
Newgate bugs, like other vermin,
Are protected by the State.

But this, O Snooks, is a digression,
A sort of turning from the road;
The more grandiloquent expression
(See Lexicon) is episode.

And when, hereafter, learnedly, posterity
Shall club together their sagacious mugs,
To criticise my poems with severity,
They'll greatly prize this episode of bugs.

II.

Or try and do something in pills, *a la* Holloway.

Mem.—He cured me of dumps and the je ne
sais quoi,

For one of his puffs drove them instantly all
away,
By causing a healthy, uproarious guffaw.

O wonderful sage, if thy pills upon paper
Can force a poor poet like me to grin,
And, in spite of blue devils and duns, to caper,
Oh ! what, were they taken—and I also—in ?

But too much I fear thee, thou wag of a wizard,
And therefore thy comical globes I shun ;
For I know to such pitch they would tickle my
gizzard,
I should split into fragments with downright
fun.

But 'tis pleasant to see our enlightened neigh-
bours
Bolting thy pills with their daily bread,
Since the late Lord Aldborough crowned thy
labours
With the prettiest chips of his own block-
head.

Adieu, thou first of Britannia's *pillers* !
Sure sign of her rank in the march of mind ;
Such taste for quackery long be still hers,
And thine by puffing to raise the wind.

Oh! surely the Heaven's avenging rod
 Pursues the besotting empire's track,
 Whose capital scarcely believes in God,
 But has faith profound for the genus quack.

III.

'Twould also pay you well to pander
 To senseless faction's furious zeal,
 And whelm with curses, taunts, and slander,
 Who at a different Altar kneel.

Thus Thrasham Gregg, who worships Roden,
 That God of bigots, knaves, and gulls,
 The Orange Moloch, Irish Odin,
 Who quaffs hot blood from Papist skulls,

Damns every soul to fiery gulf or
 Burning sea, to sink or swim
 In filthy pitch or stinking sulphur,
 Save and except the Thrashites and him.

And long shall Thrasham enjoy his revels,
 And Master —— shall rant and rail,
 For bigotry, best beloved of devils,
 Shall thrive while they're able to wag a tail.

Therefore, O Snooks, become a canter,
And cant the cants of this canting day,
For political knave and polemical ranter
Are the very best possible flams to pay.

VALENTINE TO THE POETESSES OF
THE "NATION."

MURDER will out. Sweet nymphs, you
know it's
Now and evermore the Poet's
Nature, destiny, and duty
To worship Freedom, Song, and Beauty;
But when they meet the three combined—
Heroic song from maiden mind,
And lovely poetesses find,
As you are, doubtless, tuneful maidens—
They drink in love at every cadence,
They cease to act or think correctly,
And go stark mad with love directly.
Well, we, the poets of the NATION,
Have long time owned your fascination.
Cupid and his sweet mother, Venus,
Have played the very deuce between us;
*For three long years we've had no quarrels
About our harps, or swords, or laurels;*

But now, by Jove, it's come to that,
 Unless unto the peace you bind us,
 We'll die like the Kilkenny cat,
 And only leave "a tale" behind us.
 Our name—we NATION bards—is "Legion,"
 From harp-famed Erin's every region—
 And you, alas! but half-a-dozen,
 So what a pickle you have us in.
 For, if by figures we decided,
 The sum would end, I'm much afraid, in
 "The Minstrel Boys" by six divided—
 Just five score bards to every maiden?
 So without blood to end the matter
 We rendezvoused at Stoneybatter,
 Unstrung our lyres, and in a trice
 Six hundred minstrels roared for dice.

But who can paint the awful hour
 That we at Stoneybatter passed,
 And how, with prayer to ev'ry power,
 For each, in turn, the die was cast?
 How hope and fear within us battled,
 While solemnly the bones were rattled?
 All who to get a peep were able,
 Grin, frown, and swear around the table—
 One winks, another bites his lips,
 A third strong punch to cheer him sips;

Some faintly make spasmodic jokes,
But far the greater portion smokes.

By painful effort of the will
A few were able to sit still ;
But many more in vain dissembled—
They danced, and stamped, and rocked, and
trembled ;

Some braced their nerves with smelling salts,
And others sought relief in waltz,
Or now with polka tramp and bound
Advanced, retired, and twisted round.

'Twas dreadful, very, 'pon my soul,
To hear the cubic iv'ry roll ;
And to this hour my grinders chatter
Whene'er I think of Stoneybatter.

Three were at length by fate selected—

Three who should live for love and you,
From all the sons of song elected,

And I was of the happy few.

J. De Jean was first, and by a
Happy chance he won " Maria ; "

Next " Desmond " came, and fate to him
Gave " Zero," fair in mind and limb ;

And " Eva," such was love's decree
(Venus, I thank thee), fell to me.

De Jean—why mask the soft confession ?—

Entered at once into possession.

Desmond with joy was all on fire—
He waved his sword and twanged his lyre ;
And, such the hot blood of a hero,
Swore he was all in flames at Zero.

Fair maidens, by the tuneful nine,
By Venus and St. Valentine,
Let us in some green valley meet you,
And with a minstrel homage greet you.
Come in robes of Nature's colour,
Than all the rainbow beautifuller—
Such robes as grace a rural queen,
Of artless flow and emerald green.
And fear not, loves, your mothers' censure—
For once we'll have no "misadventure;"
Yet, lest your absence wake a doubt,
'Twere well to let them "know you're
out"—

And, lest some solemn, envious blockhead
To slander our pure blisses dare,
With ring and book within his pocket
Our "Clericus" will meet us there,
He'll meet us cap-a-pied ; but whether
Beneath the heavens' o'erarching blue
He joins or not our fates together,
Entirely rests, dear girls, with you.
Oh ! tell to us, in loving letters,
Are you prepared for Hymen's fetters?

Are you of age, and passing fair,
Without vermillion, stays, or bustle,
With azure eyes and golden hair,
A silver laugh, elastic muscle—
A generous heart—an artless grace—
Heroic will for every duty—
And mind resplendent in the face—
The very life and soul of beauty?
And could you love an earnest man
With all the woman's boundless fervour,
Who, in the cause she worships, can
To all things, save dishonour, nerve her?
If this be so, with faith approach us—
We'll meet you on the blue hill-side :
Let grandeur roll to church in coaches—
The green wood suits the poet's bride.
In leafy bowers the first caresses
To Adam faultless Eva gave,
With roses crowned her golden tresses,
And smiling gazed in Eden's wave ;
While he, entranced in speechless love,
By cloudless day and balmy night,
Beheld archangels round him move,
And almost envy man's delight.
Come, when no jealous doubts destroy,
No coldness kills affection's kiss,
And only Freedom's nobler joy
Shall win our fixed souls from this.

But when her thunders roll around,
Not yours the voice to bid us stay:
Like us, you love the holy sound,
And proudly cry—away, away!
Hope for the widowed isle that gave
To such true-hearted daughters birth!
’Tis woman makes the lord or slave,
And crowns or blasts her native earth.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

I KNEW a maiden well
Who fortunes used to tell,
And pins and tapes to sell;
She was a Gipsy:
Oft in the neighbouring town,
At the “Blue Boar and Crown,”
Swipes she would swallow down
Till she was tipsy.

There, with a cousin male,
Oft, o’er a racy tale,
Quaffed she of beer and ale
Many a jorum,
Till the raw lobsters came,
And bore the reeling dame
To a Bashaw they name
Justice of Quorum.

Hoping to make the maid
Sober, or else afraid,
Solemnly Foozle said—

“Wretch, do you know me?”

But, having slowly eyed
Justice on every side,
Coolly the maid replied,

“If I do, blow me!”

Then did he utter much,
Sounding like classic Dutch,
Quoting from Coke and such

Wise commentators;

But to the maiden's nose

Archly her digits rose,

And his wroth worship's toes

Blazed in his gaiters.

Then did the nettled judge
Shout “To jail quickly trudge!”

But, as she would not budge,

They had to fetch her;

So from Sir Foozle's hall

Did the raw lobsters all

Beauty in anguish haul

Off on a stretcher.

But a youth met the band
Who a peculiar brand
Grasped in his soapless hand—

He was a tinker;
Swiftly his wrath arose,
Right and left fell his blows,
And on each legal nose
Planted a clinker.

With his hot iron then
Floored he the lobster men,
And to her home again
Bore he the maiden.
Still through life's lanes they pass,
Having both "tin" and "brass,"
Goaded a vicious ass
Heavily laden.

THE BARMAID'S EYES.*

My eyes are goggled, my whiskers dyed,
I am stooped, notwithstanding stays;
I would I were stretched that stream beside,
Where I fished in my zigzag days;

* A parody on Mangan's song, "The Time of the Barmecides."

For, back to that spot—(it costs nothing, you
know)—

My memory ever flies,
Where I first saw glow, long, long ago,
The light of the barmaid's eyes !
Where I first saw glow, long, long ago,
The light of the barmaid's eyes.

Then "tin" was mine, and a love of fun,
And a sharp steel pen to war
On despot, dandy, dunce, and dun,
And humbugs wherever they are ;
And donkeys vicious as any I know
At Dundrum or Tramore that plies,
Ere my cash ran low, long, long ago,
When I basked in the barmaid's eyes !
Ere my cash ran low, long, long ago,
When I dreamed of the barmaid's eyes,

One polished *cranium* graced my board,
And divers pipes hung round ;
And of smuggled "weed" a secret horde
Was always to be found ;
For these were the days when we used "to blow
A cloud" and cheat the Excise—
When poteen could flow, long, long ago,
To the praise of the barmaid's eyes—
When poteen could flow, long, long ago,
In toasting the barmaid's eyes.

By Liffey and Dodder our spirits high
 Could raise at will "a lark ;"
 Mud Isle was ours, and Ireland's Eye,
 And eke the Phoenix Park.
 Oh ! glittered that brilliant wit to and fro,
 Which only snobs despise—
 I could joke, I know, long, long ago,
 In the light of the barmaid's eyes—
 I could joke, I know, long, long ago,
 In the light of the barmaid's eyes.

I see "ould Ireland" once again,
 With its "victims" bought and sold ;
 And the twice five hundred spouting men
 Whose breeches were lined with gold.
 I call up many a precious "go,"
 And sublimely monstrous lies,
 Hear, hears ! and cheers, with sneers and
 jeers—
 But I cheered for the barmaid's eyes ;
 Tom Steele and Co., and the long, long bow,
 When I cheered for the barmaid's eyes.

But mine eyes are goggled, my whiskers dyed,
 And I stoop in spite of stays ;
 May I soon go back to the Dodder's side,
 Where I fished in my zigzag days !

For to Donnybrook back on elastic toe
My memory ever flies,
And I rave of the time, long, long ago,
When I worshipped the barmaid's eyes ;
And I howl for the time, long, long ago,
And the light of the barmaid's eyes.

THE LEGEND OF STIFFENBACH.

ONE day the Baron Stiffenbach among his fathers
slept,
And his relict o'er his ashes like a water goddess
wept,
Till her apparatus lachrymal required so many
"goes"
From certain flasks, that soon there shone a
ruby on her nose.

The Dowager of Stiffenbach was fair enough to
view,
And, having her dead husband's wealth, could
touch the rhino too ;
But yet, of all the neighb'ring nobs, not one
would e'er propose,
*Because she wore a ruby, a large ruby on her
nose.*

At this the jewelled baroness was very much
 annoyed,
 But rival baronesses her perplexity enjoyed,
 For the ruby was a by-word and a triumph to
 her foes,
 Who, spinster, wife, and widow, all exulted at
 her nose.

The Baroness of Stiffenbach now called the
 doctors in,
 And freely gave for drugs and shrugs great
 quantities of "tin."
 At length they said 'twas surgeon's work, then
 gravely all arose,
 And left her, as they found her, with the ruby
 on her nose.

2

Now came the surgeons. First they voted all
 the doctors fools,
 Then drew from curious armouries a multitude
 of tools;
 That they were armed to fight a bear a stranger
 would suppose,
 And not to dig a ruby from a baroness's nose.

But now among the surgeons vital difference
we find,
For some proposed to cut before and some to
cut behind;
And soon, in scalpelomachy, they well-nigh
came to blows,
For the baroness's ruby—the ruby on her nose.

At length came forward one, by lot elected from
the rest,
But, alas! the eager brotherhood too closely
round him pressed,
For they stood upon the corns of the operator's
toes,
Who, leaping, with the ruby, also sliced away
the nose.

They stitched it on immediately, yet—*why* has
not transpired—
That very day the baroness capriciously ex-
pired:
Thus died that lovely lady, by a judgment,
some suppose,
*For having led the baron, in his lifetime, by
the nose.*

They made her grave three fathoms deep, by
 Rhine's embattled tide,
 And bowed her gently downwards by her
 darling Stiffy's side ;
 But her restless spirit wanders still, and oft, at
 evening's close,
 She haunts the castle ramparts, with her finger
 on her nose.

Grim reader ! let us blubber o'er the melan-
 choly fate
 Of the quondam Baron Stiffy's non-teetotalising
 mate ;
 And for the future solemnly, if possible, pro-
 pose
 To shun the weird elixirs that bring rubies on
 the nose

DUNORE HILL.

FROM city smoke, and cant, and cunning,
 Splendid guilt and pauper care,
 Fashion, fog, debauch, and dunning,
 I come to breathe the Wicklow air.

In humbug clad, as in a bodice,
The town is false, and stiff, and odd—
Betty Martin is its goddess,
Hookey Walker is its god.
But from Dublin, vast and smoky,
Fly to nature, if you will,
For (*why* is only known to Hokey)
Steam has left us Wicklow still.
Here you still may clasp you fingers
Round some real flowers and grass,
For near Dunore still nature lingers
As an artless country lass.
Soon to meet with nature purely
Shall be but as a bygone dream;
We speak and move by fire—and surely
Men will soon make love by steam.
Cupid now must turn a stoker,
Thrust his torch in engine fires,
Make his fatal bow a poker,
And his shafts electric wires.
Iron ships will soon surround us,
Like that giant with the screw—
Nay, it will no way astound us
When we see an iron crew.
We are learned with a vengeance,
Great our civ'lisation when
Men each day grow more like engines—
Engines daily liker men.

Yet, methinks, a race will flourish
Half locomotive and half man,
And a metal mother nourish
A sort of human pewter can.
Already some have hearts of iron—
Gold and silver they adore—
Were it strange that steel environ—
These already steel at core ?
In those days, when pairs are wedded,
They shall hire a job balloon,
And in half an hour be bedded
At some station in the moon.
Would his feeble pen were graphic
As the varied scene requires,
To paint the interstellar traffic
Which the poet's eye admires
Crowds of youth are off to Venus—
Bless me ! all the girls to Mars,
And millions float like motes between us
And our allies in the stars.
We'll screw our way sky-high, and from its
Farthest orb have Dalkey rails,
And, rushing past, see envious comets,
Like beaten curs, hang down their tails !
'Tis an age of sense and iron,
Poets now may eat their wares—
From Homer, hang them all, to Byron—
Give us stock and railway shares !

What are all thy hands, Briareus—
What, Ixion, is thy wheel
To an engine's vast and various
Limbs and orbs of living steel ?
But from Dunore I've rambled sadly—
My Pegasus has run away
(A proof I manage him but badly) :
Yet, in excuse, I've this to say—
Hungry reader, to be candid,
Beyond the Scalp we had a lunch,
And I imbibed, if ever man did,
A Liffey of the coldest punch.
At that pic-nic, o'erpowered with laughter,
Beside "the Golden Spears"* I fell ;
But rising gradually, thereafter
I wrote these precious lines pell-mell.
I swear, so strike me paralytic,
If I have mocked Horatian laws,
Not pique to thee, dyspeptic critic,
But punch—cold punch—has been the
cause.

* The Irish name of the mountains vulgarly called
the "Sugar Loaves."

A DREAM.

“Ad astra fuimus,
Erigitur.”—*Vir.*

I HAD read an account in the *Hurkaru*
That Bramah's sons were getting up steam ;
And my *train* of thought when I'd spelled it
through
Set off on a whimsical railway dream.
When the Indians saw the engines come,
Puffing the smoke of civilisation,
Brahmin and Nabob, in wonder dumb,
Worshipped the stokers in mute prostration ;
And I saw strange shapes that from London
came
In that hapless land to hold their revels,
And I knew by the vast and fearful flame
That followed their steps these shapes were
devils.
Whish ! o'er the plains there flew in a trice
Hypocrisy, tyranny, pride and passion,
And lust ; and each was a titled vice,
Aristocratic, and quite the fashion.
Then smoke pervaded whate'er I saw—
Degrees were taken by smoke at college,
And I judged from Divinity, Physic, Law,
That pipes and cigars were the springs of
knowledge.

(Let none suppose that the Muse profane
Alludes to our own dear Dublin Trinity;
The ermine shall sooner suffer a stain
Than that silent vestal's grim virginity.)
And I saw that the march of civilisation
Had taught the animals, tame and savage,
To ape the lords of (the crown's) creation,
And by science or law to kill and ravage.
Monkeys were smoking the best of cigars,
Bustles appeared at each elephant's tail,
Hyenas were plotting intestine wars,
And asses indicting an *Evening Mail*.
Tigers and serpents and crocodiles came
To certain clap-trap Land Commissions,
To settle a point almost the same
As at present perplexes our own patricians.
They met to prove that property's right
Much more than its duties in reason stretches;
That their own sweet selves were immaculate
quite;
And the prey they slaughter ungrateful
wretches.
Then the Treshamite crocodiles wept and prayed
That the gods would guard their tithes and
Sion,
But the tigers and serpents applied for aid
To their blood-loving friend, the tyrant's
lion.

Bibles and bullets, and lawn and steel,
Kind soul! he sends, and band and feather,
Till red-hot balls and red-hot zeal
Blaze o'er the blasted plains together ;
And then charged, on steam horses, moustached
baboons
(The steam-horses steamed from their tails
and noses),
And they made very hairy and grim dragoons,
Though the saddles, being hot, wern't seats
of roses,
And no earthly power of defence avails
Against the charge of these iron brutes ;
The very smoke from their rampant tails
Bothered completely the Rajapoots.
Again for home I set off by steam,
But the boiler burst as we made the Liffey—
I had dozed by the fire, and the kettle, 'twould
seem,
Fell over my shins, and I woke in a jiffey.

REASON AND SONG.

A CRYPTIC MYTH.

To a green sunny isle of ocean
From heaven had wandered young Song;
Of earth the fair child had no notion,
But dreamed of his home all day long
He sported where water-bells quiver—
Sipped dew from the calix of flow'rs—
And would gaze on the glass of a river
And list to its murmur for hours.
Through shadowy wood vistas twining,
As Freedom her shady way won,
On flow'rets she found him reclining,
And hailed the young god as her son.
And Hope took the innocent lisper
To bask in her sunniest smile;
And oft would her magical whisper
His infantine sorrows beguile.
Calm Reason was placed to attend him;
His steps o'er the isle did she lead,
And much sober counsel would lend him—
But somehow they never agreed.
One day she discovered him sleeping
The purple lipped roses among,
While jasmine and laurels were creeping
Around the bright brow of young Song.

The shamrock and heather-bell cumber
The frame of his exquisite lyre,
And there played o'er his features in slumber
A halo of roseate fire.

She knew, by the subtle flame streaming
His flower-pillowed temples along,
That, alas! to his woe, he was dreaming,
So quickly she wakened up Song.

His anger the child could not smother,
The tears all his white winglet stain;
He flutters, post-haste, to his mother,
Yet scarce with the pout can complain.

His sobs swell the musical breeze on,
The tears in his blue eye still gleam—
“Ah! do, mamma, send away Reason,
She frowns so, and won't let me dream.

Not often in dreams I revisit

The asphodel meads of my birth,
Then, oh! mamma, tell me why is it
She always must wake me to earth?

My harp with pale violets dressing,
I played to the swift-footed hours;
And then to my lips the wreath pressing,

To slumber I sank on the flow'rs.
My sisters, the Muses, were singing
Like warbling springs of the spheres,
And the bells of the flow'rets were ringing
A lullaby chime on my ears.

The clustering mimosas enwreathed
The margin of whispering floods,
And gales full of harmony breathed,
Like love, through the emerald woods.
And there, mamma, bright birds were flying,
On prettier wings than my own,
And many-hued melodists vieing,
In spice groves that waved to their tone.
But while thus in enchanted dominions
I wandered, in Fancy's spell bound,
I awoke with a shock through my pinions—
'Twas Reason stood o'er me and frowned.
And now 'tis the soft Summer season :
I hate her—and safe the path seems.
Then do, mamma, send away Reason,
She frowns so, and spoils all my dreams."
But, finding her charge so untoward,
Her sails to the wind Reason spread,
Shed a tear o'er his fate—for, though froward,
She loved him—then, sighing, she fled.
Alas ! silly boy, thus to flout her—
He laughed as through wild ocean's din
She steered : but perceived soon without her
High Heaven he never could win.
And nightly, with fruitless emotion,
He weeps to the sea's solemn tones,
*While the stars, from the chambers of ocean,
Ascend their roriferous thrones.*

I have seen him a vapour pursuing
In tears o'er the shadowy lawn,
Till it rose in a glory, bedewing
The luminous crown of the dawn,
Or mantles, o'erflowing her chalice,
By Eurus and Zephyrus kissed,
While she floats from her ivory palace,
Half veiled in a crystallized mist.
The dreamer will watch the clouds sailing
The floor of his birthplace beneath ;
And oft an, alas ! unavailing
Lament to the destinies breathe.
But though fate his pure home yet refuse him,
At times he hath flashes of mirth,
For bright trifles have power to amuse him,
Despised by the wisdom of earth.
For hours will he breathlessly follow
The hues o'er the landscape that run,
When the iris-rimmed shield of Apollo
Is cast on the clouds from the sun.
In all good he sees God, and adoreth,
And heavenwards lifteth his wings,
And singeth the while that he soareth,
And soareth the more that he sings.*

* "Singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."
— SHELLEY.

Still far from the heavenly portals,
The cold earth he wanders along;
And the noise has gone forth among mortals,
That Reason departed from Song.

OH! FOR A FEED.*

Oh! for a feed! a motley feed! a corporation
feast
Of hot and cold, of roast and boiled, of fishes,
bird, and beast;

From cod and snipe
To leathery tripe,
Two inches thick at least.

Oh! for a feed! an awful feed! or else a
mighty lunch,
With Niagara cataracts of Irish whiskey punch,
Port crusty, red,
And crackling bread,
Ad libitum to crunch.

Oh! for a feed! a pious feed! with reverend
lords to dine,
On venison pies of depth profound, and frozen
Spanish wine;

* A parody on Davis's Song, "Oh! for a Steed!"

With turtle soups,
And whiskered troops
Of "natives," * in their brine.

Oh ! for a feed ! a bribing feed, at an election
spread,

Where much is said that's never done, and
done that's never said,

And biped swine
To "nine times nine"
Invert their heels and head.

Oh ! for a feed ! precarious feed, at boating or
pic-nic,

Where "nobody gets nothink," and everybody's
sick ;

And sudden squalls
Seize hats and shawls,
Just borrowed, or on tick.

Oh ! for a feed ! by hook or crook, from any
good soul at all,

In rural cot, or pleasure yacht, or festive civic
hall,

Or in poteen still,
On a Munster hill,
To stagger, and then to fall.

* Irish oysters.

LEANDER.

NIGHT hangs o'er the towers of Sestos;
 Tempests lash the foaming main;
Madly bounds the Hellesponton,
 By the Troad's sacred plain.
Southward rolls divine Scamander,
 All his virgin-loving waves—
North, the marble-browed Propontis,
 Struggling in his prison, raves.
Though the lightning smite Abydos,
 Till her turrets rock and ring,
While Jove's thunders roar from Ida,
 Bearing death on fiery wing,
Boldly swims the young Leander
 Towards the lovely Hero's bower,
By the flame that o'er the billow
 Streams from Sestos' temple tower.
Never Cupid's rosy bondage
 Linked more faithful hearts than these,
Whom nor gold nor threat can sunder,
 Nor the rage of stormy seas.
Blame her not, the youthful priestess,
 Nursed at Cytherea's shrine,
Who, adoring, hailed fair Venus,
 'Mid Olympus most divine.

Wildly now broad Hellesponton
 Foam aloft to æther flings,
 And blue blazes over Ilium
 Clap their quick sulphurous wings,
 "Woe is me! beloved Leander,
 Death and tempest round thee rave,
 Lightnings wrap and furies toss thee—
 Venus shield thee o'er the wave!"
 What some one calls a "thunderous smother"
 Squelched the welkin left and right—
 Ah! Leander, can your mother
 Know you're out this shocking night?
 Fearfully the sea was tumbling,
 Like a tipsy gent, about;
 Thunders rumbling, Neptune grumbling,
 Getting up the fatal spout.
 Shall we deem fair Venus cruel?
 Heard she not her priestess' vow?
 Yes—but then the goddess knew well
 Juno kicked up all the row.
 Thus it chanced, though very few know—
 The Paphian queen demurely goes
 To blarney Jove, when jealous Juno
 Planted clinkers on her nose.
 Stunning plumpers th' ox-eyed goddess,
 Right and left, pitched in amain,
 Tore the cestus, rent her bodice,
 While poor Venus wept in vain.

Till Eros and Anteros fled post-
Haste along the rails of stars,
And in the twinkling of a bedpost
Brought up blaspheming bully Mars.
But before this dust had ended,
Jupiter's celestial toe,
Thundering, on the rear descended,
And laid the vixen victress low.
All the gods who love *æsthetics*
Were greatly shocked at this, of course,
And Æsculapius and emetics
Were found the Olympians' sole resource.
What followed on this double damper,
The pious Muse discreetly shrouds,
But all the gods were seen to scamper
Rather fast behind the clouds.
Meanwhile Leander, like a porpoise,
Rolled amid the billows' roar,
Till Poseidon pitched his corpus
On the cockle-peopled shore,
Where the tide had written wrinkles
On the forehead of the strand;
There he, 'mid the periwinkles,
Kicked the bucket on the sand.
There he lay, the precious noddy,
Like a suffocated pup,
Till the crowner gave his body
To a Trojan sackemup.

First, the surgeons gravely flayed him—
Then the students laid him on
A dissecting trap, and made him
A “demnition” skeleton.
Temnon put the heart in honey
(*Mem.*—he thought the muscles tough)—
Asked had Hero any money—
Damned Leander for a muff.
Now this Temnon had his lodging
With Anchises (two-pair back),
And remained in Ilium dodging,
Till the famous Grecian sack.
And when Æneas cut his lucky,
'Mid the Troy horse-breakers' groans,
In his old portmanteau stuck he
These, “the rale original bones;”
Which to me by right descended—
For I can say, perhaps like you,
My race of bards and chiefs was blended
With some rascals, *entre nous*.
If you doubt this sketch veracious,
Or wish to hear the tale in full,
I've popped Leander—goodness gracious!—
Take him out and ask his skull.

"NEVER SAY DIE."

[The following ingenious and amusing composition appeared in the column given to "answers to correspondents" in the *NATION* of March 7, 1846, preceded by a statement that in the hurry of publication-day, when letters were pouring in like hail, the editor handed one to "Shamrock," begging him to be grave for once and answer it seriously. The letter was from a resident of Stoneybatter, who complained that his lady-love, an elderly maiden, had jilted him for a colour-sergeant, thereby causing him such depression of spirits as might induce him to do some desperate deed. "Shamrock" soon afterwards quitted his desk, "leaving," says the *NATION*, "this atrocity behind him":—]

WHY such a row? What ails you now, de-
sponding Stoneybatter man?
You'll jump from off a bridge, indeed! God
bless us, what's the matter, man?
If she disdain your amorous pain, for military
Pat, her man,
Because he's very tall and slim, and you're a
shorter, fatter man,
Speak out the truth, and tell the youth you're
quite resolved to shatter, man,
To smithereens all rivals, whether parrot, poodle,
cat, or man—
*For love makes all things bellicose—or monkey,
dandy, rat, or man,*

So thrash the sergeant, if you can, then boldly
up and at her, man.

If you surmise you'll win by sighs, we never
met a flatter man—

In fact, by dad, you're raving mad, as ever was
a hatter, man.

Then try a little romping, till }her cap and wig
you tatter, man,

And laud her pa, and praise her ma, especially
the latter, man.

Soft-sawderize her shape and size, and every
feature flatter, man,

And oft you'll be asked in to tea, and soft,
familiar chatter, man.

The barking curs, his jingling spurs, and ratt-
ling sabre's clatter, man,

Shall sound in vain, tho'-sleet and rain upon his
shako patter, man,

While you within enjoy the din, before a smok-
ing platter, man—

That's better tried than suicide, so, courage!
Stoneybatter man.

WINTER—AN ELEGY.

“Most musical, most melancholy.”

THE lovely rose, the garden's graceful queen ;
The shining berries of the mountain ash,
And all the glories of the sylvan scene,
Have gone, I guess, teetotally to smash

The shuddering hills, enwrap in lurid fire,
With flaming tongues the lambent lightning
licks ;
Whilst all the songsters of the rural choir
To New South Wales have cut their precious
sticks.

From sable clouds that veil the dreary skies,
The rushing demons of the tempest shout ;
And Ruin grim to reeking Havoc cries—
“Does your mamma, my tulip, know you're
out ?”

From pole to pole the rumbling thunder runs
Tearing, with horrid voice, the tortur'd sky ;
And, hark ! red Havoc's awful answer comes,
Rending the rock, “Old spitfire, axe my eye.”

Aloft, among the rent and flutt'ring shrouds,
While his barque battles with strong ocean's
 might,
The sailor, gazing on the sable clouds,
Prays to the raging Boreas—"Blow me
 tight!"

Now the ship, madden'd with th' unequal strife,
Stagg'ringly, plunges heavily about;
The crew, resigning ev'ry hope of life,
Cry, "One wave more, and we'll be up the
 spout."

Alas! behold the angry wintry blast
Strikes the tall monarch of the forest flat;
Thus youth's aspiring hopes to earth are cast,
And poets' dreams are—all around my hat!



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



THE POET'S PASSION.

I LOVE thee ! oh ! how weak a scroll
Is song the most divine,
To paint the strength of Love's control,
The pangs that rend the battling soul
That vainly strives to stem the roll
Of passion's wave, like mine !

Each day—my ev'ry combat vain—
I love thee more and more ;
The secret fire, with blissful pain,
Flashes and glows through heart and brain,
More fierce than that the minstrels feign
From Heav'n Prometheus bore.

I love thee far before them all
Of Beauty's train that be :
Thy smile and step, in bower and hall—
The lightest words that from thee fall—
Thy very shadow on the wall
Is something dear to me.

In dream, I kiss thee o'er and o'er—

Alas! in dreams alone—

Last night I thought we sat before

A wood-embosomed cottage door,

That view'd a garden's starry floor,

And thou didst seem mine own.

For language far too deeply blest,

Our souls conversed in sighs ;

And thou didst tremble when I press'd

My cheek upon thy glowing breast

And sunk in that Elysian rest

That seals Love's languid eyes.

As when the bee from roses sips

The fairies' fragrant wine—

As the fierce sun in ocean dips

When Thetis' arms his fires eclipse,

To thee I flew with thirsting lips

That wildly quaff'd from thine.

My lips no heedless kiss could steal

From thine ; then careless sever—

Ah, no ! thy rosy mouth should feel

The fervid stamp of passion's seal,

While, as to magnets clings the steel,

I clung to thee for ever.

And yet my only speech is sighs,
 To speak my love to thee ;
In vain my tongue to woo thee tries,
Nor dare I gaze into thine eyes,
Altho' the blue and starry skies
 Are less divine to me.

Unawed I join, when thou'rt away,
 The laugh without control ;
But when thou'rt near I am not gay—
No beams of mirth around me play—
A deeper joy—a holier ray
 Pervades my conscious soul.

I feel, though round bright spirits be,
 Thy presence like a cloud ;
Thenceforth I am no longer free—
My heart in secret kneels to thee,
And hails the present deity,
 In silent worship bow'd.

Oh ! when, in some green bower apart,
 Shall I, without disguise,
In faltering tones, yet void of art,
And tears, despite the will, that start,
Lay bare thy lover's bleeding heart
 Before thy guilty eyes ?

Oh, Christ!—the matchless joy and pride
To call thee by my name!—
To clasp thee fondly to my side,
A dearly-loved and happy bride,
Till down the vale of tears we glide,
And Heaven's high mandate came.

At last our earthly robes to fling
Upon the flow'ry sod;
And heart to heart, on viewless wing,
Away!—away!—commingled spring.
For evermore to love and sing
Fast by the throne of God!

Yet, if His eye foresee my hand
Should e'er thy sorrow prove,
May His unsparing angel stand
Between us, with the flaming brand
That flash'd 'twixt Adam and the land
Where man first bowed to Love.

Oh, sooner than one cloud of care,
Thou joy-predestined child,
Should darken o'er thy dawning fair,
Condemn me, Heaven, in lone despair,
Branchless, blasted, cold, and bare,
To wither on the wild—

Where round me love's young fruits and
flowers

Shall ne'er be seen to wave,
But dismally the dreary hours
Shall wane, afar from Beauty's bowers,
And when I fall, no pitying showers
Bedew my sterile grave!

DAY DREAMS.

KING of the sacred midnight skies! beneath
whose footsteps roll

The solemn starry harmonies that fill the poet's
soul,

Look down, in pity, on Thy child by passion's
billows toss'd,

And be Thyself the pilot ere the fragile bark be
lost.

O'er mastered by the power I love, song chains
me to the car,

And vainly 'gainst a host of dreams I wage a
feeble war.

For love and glory weave their spells before my
dazzled eyes,

And clog my spirit's wounded wings that fain
would seek the skies.

I dream of war in Freedom's cause, I grasp the
fancied spear,
And o'er my country's marshall'd ranks her
ancient banner rear ;
In visionary panoply I smite the foreign foe,
And spur my barb through broken ranks where
battle-torrents flow.
Again, within the midnight watch, I turn my
soul from wars,
And think of home while gazing on the gentle
queen of stars ;
Or, while my comrades wearily around in slum-
ber lie,
I kneel adoring on the sod where I next morn
may die ;

For who more oft should think of thee than
they whose lot is cast
Where death, exulting, rides supreme the fiery
battle-blast ?
Anon soft gales, from balmy isles, that melt like
Venus' sighs,
Flow o'er mine ear, and at my feet love languish-
ingly lies.
I dream of woman's steadfast faith, unchanged
by grief or years,
*Unshrinking, trusting, loving still through bit-
terness and tears,*

And now upon the armed barque, the fresh'ning
breezes blow,
All sail is set—how proud she is! with her I
pine to go,

Where'er upon the glorious deep her stately
step may be,
Majestic and triumphantly along the subject
sea.

And when Iörnè wills it from forth her heaving
side,

To hurl young Freedom's thunderbolts across
the affrighted tide ;

And 'neath a green flag sailing, to roam the
ocean free,

With Irish hearts, in Irish barques, upon the
Irish sea.

And then, at night, in pensive mood, to watch
the golden stars,

Depict upon the slumbering tide the shadow of
her spars ;

Or hear upon the darkened deep, the tempest
fiend rejoice,

While billows leap, like startled steeds, in terror
at his voice ;

And mournfully, most mournfully, dread Ocean !
at thy roar,
As if thy moan could wake the dead, uprise the
dreams of yore.
For mem'ry then recalls the joys that never
more may be,
And "plaintive sounds of long ago," swell sadly
from the sea.
If it be mine dear Eirè's harp to strike with
mailed hand,
And wake the martial melodies that fire an
arming land,

Oh ! never shall Thy glorious gift perverted be
to wrong,
Nor prostitute to tyranny the loveliness of song.
Ah, no ! *mo vourneen, gra machree, mo colleen dhas
asthore.**
For Thee alone this harp shall sigh, hope,
triumph, or deplore ;
And though, perhaps, to other climes, I wander
far away,
Yet still of home shall fondly breathe the retro-
spective lay ;

* *The dearest love of my heart you are,—my darling
girl.*

And, while the sun o'er Italy his evening kiss
 prolongs,
 The lonely Irish boy shall sing his melancholy
 songs.

'Tis Thine alone to grant me peace, to bid the
 wave be still,
 And bend unto its destiny my fluctuating will,
 Though many a folly's meteor fire has led me
 oft astray,
 I still to Thee am journeying, but faint upon
 the way ;
 Send down Thy peaceful messenger to calm my
 troubled breast,
 And grant, within some tranquil vale, my weary
 spirit rest.
 Oh, set at length, from earthly charms, my
 wounded bosom free—
 And, spite of love and glory's spells, attract my
 soul to Thee ;

For Thine the glory, Thine the love, that fadeth
 not away,
 But brighter grows eternally, with still increas-
 ing ray.

No tears defile Thy sanctuary—no chains support Thy throne ;
On boundless Love—for Thou art Love—its pillars rest alone :
False tyrants there shall crush no more the humble and the just—
Nor mercy, truth, and liberty, be trampled in the dust.
My soul is very weary here, so far from Thee to roam—
Oh ! take me to Thy mercy soon—Thy bosom is my home !

THE DYING GIRL.

FROM a Munster vale they brought her,
From the pure and balmy air,
An Ormond peasant's daughter,
With blue eyes and golden hair—
They brought her to the city,
And she faded slowly there,
Consumption has no pity
For blue eyes and golden hair.

When I saw her first reclining,
Her lips were moved in pray'r,
And the setting sun was shining
On her loosened golden hair.
When our kindly glances met her,
Deadly brilliant was her eye,
And she said that she was better,
While we knew that she must die.

She speaks of Munster valleys,
The pattern, dance, and fair,
And her thin hand feebly dallies
With her scattered golden hair.
When silently we listened
To her breath with quiet care,
Her eyes with wonder glistened,
And she asked us what was there.

The poor thing smiled to ask it,
And her pretty mouth laid bare,
Like gems within a casket,
A string of pearllets rare.
We said that we were trying,
By the gushing of her blood,
And the time she took in sighing
To know if she were good.

Well, she smiled and chatted gaily ;
Though we saw in mute despair
The hectic brighter daily,
And the death-dew on her hair.
And oft her wasted fingers
Beating time upon the bed,
O'er some old tune she lingers,
And she bows her golden head.

At length the harp is broken,
And the spirit in its strings,
As the last decree is spoken,
To its source exulting springs.
Descending swiftly from the skies,
Her guardian angel came,
He struck God's lightning from her eyes
And bore Him back the flame.

Before the sun had risen
Through the lark-loved morning air,
Her young soul left its prison,
Undefined by sin or care.
I stood beside the couch in tears,
Where pale and calm she slept,
And, though I've gazed on death for years,
I blush not that I wept.
I checked with effort pity's sighs,
And left the matron there,
~~To~~ close the curtains of her eyes,
And bind her golden hair.

TO FANNY POWER.

SWEET little girl ! I love you sincerely,
And I know that you see I am fond of you
clearly ;
Alas ! wildest words are but faint shadows
merely
To tell you how long I have loved and how
dearly ;
My love, with thy loveliness, brightening yearly,
Sweet little girl ! I love you sincerely.

How I first was bewitched, I believe there's no
knowing ;
Many spells were combined for my heart's over-
throwing :
Bright eyes, through which still brighter spirit
was glowing—
Sweet laughter in mirthfulness artlessly flowing,
Like zephyrs at play through a fairy flute
blowing,
And a hundred love-spells that I'm sure there's
no knowing.

Since the first happy hour long ago that I
knew you,
In absence, my heart, clinging faithfully to you,

With plumes from young Cupid's own rosy wing
drew you,
Beside you I panted yet trembled to woo you,
And my hopes, and my fears, and my blessings
pursue you,
Since the first happy hour long ago that I knew
you.

Forgive the rash words of too earnest a lover!
Ah! love, like her sister, should many sins
cover;
Not always the wing of the wild mountain
plover
Afar from the earth in mid-heaven can hover;
But, oh! did some magic all bosoms discover,
I dare show even you the true soul of your
lover.

Ever I'll worship you proudly and truly,
Sprinkling your path with heart-blossoming
duly,
Till your smile peace and joy in my bosom
wake newly—
Peace and joy, like the Summer sea, slumbering
coolly,
Reflecting but Heav'n, o'erarching it bluely!
And I'll love you and worship you fondly and
truly.

Fairest and dearest! I love you sincerely,
And sure you must see I am fond of you clearly:
Language divinest could ne'er express nearly
How deeply I love you—how well and how
dearly.

My love, like thy loveliness, brightening yearly—
Sweet little girl! I love you sincerely.

TO KATHLEEN.

My Kathleen dearest! in truth or seeming,
No brighter vision e'er blessed my eyes
Than she for whom in Elysian dreaming
Thy trancèd lover too fondly sighs.
O Kathleen fairest! if elfin splendour
Hath ever broken my heart's repose,
'Twas in the darkness, ere, purely tender,
Thy smile, like moonlight o'er ocean, rose.

Since first I met thee thou knowest thine are
This passion-music, each pulse's thrill—
The flowers seem brighter, the stars diviner,
And God and nature more glorious still.
I see around me new fountains gushing—
More jewels spangle the robes of night;
Strange harps are pealing—fresh roses blush-
ing—
Young worlds emerging in purer light.

No more thy song-bird in clouds shall hover ;
Oh ! give him shelter upon thy breast,
And bid him swiftly—his long flight over—
From Heaven drop into that love-built nest.
Like fairy flow'rets is love, thou fearest,
At once that springeth like mine from
earth ;
'Tis friendship's ivy grows slowly, dearest,
But love and lightning have instant birth.

Thy mirthful fancy and artless gesture,
Hair black as tempest, and swanlike breast,
More graceful folded in simplest vesture
Than proudest bosoms in diamonds drest.
Not these, the varied and rare possession
Love gave to conquer, are thine alone ;
But, oh ! there crowns thee divine expression,
As saints a halo, that's all thine own.

Thou art as poets in olden story
Have pictured woman before the fall—
Her angel beauty's divinest glory—
The pure soul shining, like God, through all.
But vainly, humblest of leaflets springing,
I sing the queenliest flower of love :
Thus soars the skylark, presumptuous singing
The orient morning enthroned above.

Yet hear, propitious, belovèd maiden,
The minstrel's passion is pure as strong,
Through nature fated, his heart, love-laden
Must break, or utter its woes in song.
Farewell! if never my soul may cherish
The dreams that bade me to love aspire,
By memory's altar! thou shalt not perish,
First Irish pearl of my Irish lyre!

TO JESSY.

DEAREST! since we parted, sighs
Amid my gayest moments rise,
And the summer in thine eyes
Haunts me night and day, Jessy.

Still I see thy tresses flow
O'er thy bosom's globes of snow,
And thy lips before me glow,
Wheresoe'er I stray, Jessy.

As the moon's imperial beam
Rules the ocean's heaving stream,
Love pervades my every dream,
And mocks me with thy smiles,
Jessy.

Woe that e'er in heedless hour,
Triumphant Love ! I mocked thy pow'r ;
Too late I've learned, within thy bow'r,
 To fear his fatal wiles, Jessy.

And must I wear a hopeless chain,
And force my heart, with ceaseless pain,
To throb and burn and bleed in vain,
 And ne'er to think of thee, Jessy ?

Alas ! I feel it tenfold glow—
Its pulses rise in Springtide flow—
It bursts away with one wild throe,
 And flies thy slave to be, Jessy.

Oh ! would thine eyes speak hope to me,
'Fore heaven I vow, on bended knee,
With faithful heart to cherish thee
 Through life's tempestuous blast, Jessy.

And while the waves around us roar,
Their rage shall but excite us more,
Until on death's mysterious shore
 We furl our sails at last, Jessy.

Presumptuous Love ! and can I dare
So high, as hope with heaven to share
A heart so rich, a form so fair,
 A soul so rich as thine, Jessy ?

I dare—nor deem my daring shame ;
And who so cold as seek to blame
The wax for melting in the flame—
My heart in thy dear love, Jessy.

My harp shall gain a sweeter string,
And learn, at length, of love to sing ;
I'll plume my spirit's folded wing
And fly with thee above, Jessy.

I bear no monsters on my shield ;
'Tis blank, save where, on verdant field,
The harp, in Irish yew concealed,
Shows sorrow linked with song, Jessy.

But, nobler far, a soul of flame
To Heaven that soars—from Heaven that came—
A generous heart—a guiltless fame—
To poets still belong, Jessy.

And if I am indeed a bard,
Immortal song uncrowned, unstarred—
Though pride, and gold, and rivals guard—
Will win thee, spite of fate, Jessy.

If not—but ere thou judgest, dear,
As false they sing who sing in fear,
Oh ! whisper hope, and thou shalt hear
The lark at Heaven's gate, Jessy.

Yet vain e'en music to express
Love's hopes and fears and sweet distress ;
I cannot love thee more nor less,
I cannot fight nor fly, Jessy.

May Heaven, if mine thou canst not be,
From life and love the mourner free,
And grant who may not live for thee,
At least for thee to die, Jessy.

A DREAM OF THE STARS.

TO JESSY.

AWAY wilt thou wander, in spirit, to see
The happy isles yonder, belovèd, with me,
On Fancy's wing sweeping along through the
night—
Leave weary earth sleeping, and plume thee
for flight,
With coursers of lightning and chariot of cloud,
Through stars round us bright'ning, a number-
less crowd.
The universe from its heart-centre we view,
*Where planets, and comets, and suns glitter
through :*

Thine eyes feast on wonders, on music thine
ears,

And the brightness and thunders of candescent
spheres.

Away! let us mingle with whirlwind and fire,
Each bright system single to grasp and admire;
Through rich constellations of corruscant gold,
Where enthroned dominations their high king-
doms hold—

Where the elders all hoary are seated on high,
And martyrdom's glory empurples the sky,—
Behold of Raphael the archangelic throne,
And the sword of Michael flash down from his
zone!

Constellations more thickly and systems roll
past—

New spheres whirl quickly and galaxies blast.
Oh! from earth disentangled to hurry our flight,
Where æther is spangled with infinite light—
Where the sceptre of Eos and measureless day
Chase darkness through chaos for ever away;
And each bright orb that seemeth the farthest
and last

To a point round which beameth creation more
vast;

For e'en cherubim pinions ne'er shadowed a
spot

Where thy peopled dominions, Jehovah! are not.

I joy in Thy splendour, great Parent above,
And adoringly render Thee worship and love ;
Thy stars be my teachers, that sing from on
high,

All teeming with creatures immortal as I.
Ah ! who can sincerely imagine the skies
Thus glorified merely to dazzle our eyes ?
No flower ever budded for nought on the plain,
And shall heaven be studded with nations in
vain ?

Did the Universe-BUILDER erect such a throne
Of flame to bewilder poor mortals alone ?
'Tis no pageant procession of riderless cars,
But eternal progression of souls and of stars !
I believe every splendour that gladdens the sky
Hath bosoms as tender as e'er heaved a sigh ;
Perhaps their souls know not our burthens of
woe—

Perchance their tears flow not like mortals'
below—

And, by sin unembittered, the dwellings of air
Since creation have glittered in loveliness there ;
And their maidens inherit a beauty divine
Of person and spirit, dear Jessy, like thine.
No tyranny crushes their emerald plains—
No patriot blushes, disarmed and in chains.
With purest caresses and infantine smiles
Undying love blesses those fortunate isles ;

And thus our God made them all sinless and
bright,

In blessings arrayed them, and crowned them
with light.

Oh! for power, dearest maiden, through
heaven to go—

My throbbing brow laid on your bosom of
snow—

Thy cheek, from caresses of mine, passion-pale,
And thy undulant tresses afloat on the gale,
Till the souls round us roaming shall deem on
the air

Berenice were combing her star-woven hair.

No shadowless dreaming, beloved, is this—

Our future is beaming with starrier bliss.

If man, through His merit who died on a tree,

Shall hereafter inherit earth, heaven, and sea—

From Zephyr and Eurus, away to the Pole,

Where the wheels of Arcturus eternally roll—

Where the thrones of the Godhead are por-
tioned above,

To me be allotted, dear Jessy, thy love ;

And for thee I will render up kingdom and
crown,

And the half-divine splendour of angels lay
down ;

For on earth or in heaven, oh! what were a throne,

Unless it were given to call thee my own?

Oh ! blest be thy bridal, and soon may it be !
But the stars, my soul's idol, a truer shall see,
Where space cannot sever—where death cannot
part—
But I'll clasp thee for ever, embraced to my
heart,
And kiss thee, and cherish, and love and adore,
Till eternity perish—what can I do more ?

TRUST NOT.

Air—"Love Not."

WOE's me ! cold world, thou art not what I
dreamed !

Hourly my cloud-built palaces decay,
And ev'ry idol that divine I deemed
Like fairy gold, deceitful turns to clay—
Like fairy gold, deceitful turns to clay.

Trust not ! trust not !

Ah! once I trusted love's eternal truth,
 And thought that friendship would out-
 last the tomb;

Fool! to believe, in ever-dreaming youth,
 This earth a clime where Eden's flowers
 could bloom—
 This earth a clime where Eden's flowers
 could bloom.

Trust not! trust not!

Wisdom! thy gifts are bitter—now I know
 Friendship and love are but the poet's
 dream,

Hope a chimera, and young freedom's glow
 In this chained world, alas! may vainly
 beam—

In this chained world, alas! may vainly
 beam.

Trust not! trust not!

Euthusiast hearts! trust not earth's fleeting
 flowers,
 Though sweet their perfume or though
 rich their hue;

Love, hope and glory, song's enchanted towers,
 Though bright as lightning, are as transient
 too—

Though bright as lightning, are as transient
 too.

Trust not! trust not!

Vainly henceforth shall passion's billows roll
Around this heart, Fate's smile or frown
above.

Grant me, kind heaven, a pure unruffled soul,
Free and for ever from human hope and
love—

Free and for ever from human hope and love.

Trust not! trust not!

TO MARY.*

[The NATION introduced this fine poem with the following:—" 'Shamrock' has addressed 'Mary' in a voice of such tender warning against martial verse, as makes us fear a Telemachus masquerading as a Mentor. He describes himself as commissioned 'by Brida, the Irish Goddess of Poetry,' to utter this admonition. The Goddess descends to him in a vision, describes 'Mary' as her chosen oracle, on whom she had conferred the divine gift of poesy, and proceeds to say:"]

"SINCE that hour the girl no longer played
with childhood's simple toys,
But each day, with impulse stronger, sought
for high and holy joys;
But thou knowest the woe that slumbers music's
shining waves beneath,
And how oft the poet's numbers from a bleeding
bosom breathe.

* *Miss Ellen Mary Downing*, one of the most notable of the *Nation* poetesses.

Sing her then a lay of warning—for thou hast
 not passed unscathed—
 Lest her young and joyous morning all too soon
 in tears be bathed.
 Angels watch untiring o'er her with a fond and
 shielding wing,
 Yet, to light the path before her, thus 'tis
 thine from me to sing."

[The poet proceeds accordingly to fulfil his mission,
 and addresses himself to the poetess in these
 strains :—]

Fly then, dear, from passion's pages ; turn from
 proud and gloomy song—
 Though the flowing marge engages, sorrow sobs
 the stream along ;
 For if pride the minstrel fashions, if he bow
 the Muse to wrong,
 Deifying human passions with the sacred breath
 of song,
 Oh ! the ruin *he* occasions ! hearts that shrink
 from naked sin,
 Won by fallen song's persuasions, gaze, admire,
 fall headlong in.
 Bend thee o'er the flower and fountain, seek
 Killarney's haunted rills,
 Climb Comailte's frowning mountains—Bride
 loves the Munster hills.

When the dying sunlight fuses rock and wave
to molten ore,
Priestess of the Irish Muses! roam along Hy-
Breacan's shore;
Or behold with joy and wonder leaning on a
lover's hand, [Hem!]
Charging billows burst in thunder on Moyarta's
iron strand.
Hushed o'er Ossian's solemn numbers, fill thy
soul with ancient fire,
Woo him to thy pictured slumbers—worship
Morven's cloudy lyre.
Grandly, when the war was ended, rose to
hero-shades its song,
Or 'mid shields in battle blended, rushed like
Odin's wrath along;
Yet sing thou not of martial glory: gentle
maiden, ah! beware!
Conrad, fresh from battle gory, shuddered at
blood-stained Gulnare.
Though thy heart perforce rejoices o'er the
battle bravely done,
Nature hath unnumbered voices—choose not
thou her harshest one.
Mary! be it thine to soften, not to swell, the
trumpet's blast;
*Martial murder's bloody coffin shall unveil a
fiend at last.*

Joy not if our angry Father make the sword a
chastening rod—

Every *man* with sorrow rather should unsheathe
the scourge of God.

Sing of love as thou hast sung it—never
Sappho's deathless lyre,

Though Apollo's ringlets strung it, glowed with
warmer, sweeter fire.

Oh ! if song thus rich be flowing but to shadows
of thy soul,

When thy heart indeed is glowing, Heaven !
how bright its Springtides roll !

But to Him who gives the treasure does thy
wondrous harp belong,

Oft to Him attune its measure—starwards waft
the grateful song,

Till thy soul, to Him returning, hear in choired
orbs above

Raptured seraphs, round Him burning, tune
their lutes to hymns of love—

Stainless wings that shame the morning hide
them from His noontide blaze,

Immortal crowns their brows adorning dim the
dazzling Orient's rays ;

O'er their waving silken winglets streams the
clustering golden hair,

Wreathed in breezy waving ringlets over limbs
divinely fair ;

There, on gales with music laden, through the
rainbow-pillared sky,
Souls as pure as thine, sweet maiden, wrapt in
heavenly ardour's sigh.

Fare thee well, sweet child of Vision! bright
may be thy path below—
O'er thee hover dreams Elysian—airs of Eden
round thee blow—
May thy spirit, lofty, lowly, here exhale celestial
song,
And through ages pure and holy, still the ador-
ing strain prolong!

BEN HEDER.*

I RAMBLED away, on a festival day,
From vanity, glare, and noise,
To calm my soul, where the wavelets roll,
In solitude's holy joys—
By the lonely cliffs, whence the white gull
starts,
Where the clustering sea-pinks blow,
And the Irish rose, on the purple quartz,
Bends over the waves below—

* *The Irish name of Howth; Howth is Danish, and is from the Danish word Hoved, "a head."*

Where the ramaline clings, and the samphire
 swings,
And the long laminaria trails,
And the sea-bird springs on his snowy wings,
 To blend with the distant sails.
I leaned on a rock, and the cool waves there
 Plashed on the shingles round,
And the breath of Nature lifted my hair—
Dear God ! how the face of Thy child is fair !
And a gush of memory, tears, and pray'r,
 My spirit a moment drowned.

I bowed me down to the rippling wave—
 For a swift sail glided near—
And the spray as it fell upon pebble and
 shell
 Received, it may be, a tear.
For well I remember the festal days,
 On this shore, that Hy-Brassil seemed—
The friends I trusted, the dreams I dreamed,
 Hopes high as the clouds above—
Perchance 'twas a dream of a land redeemed,
 Perchance 'twas a dream of love.
When first I trod on this breezy sod,
 To me it was holy ground,
For genius and beauty, rays of God,
 Like a swarm of stars shone round.

Well! well! I have learned rude lessons since
then,

In life's disenchanted hall ;

I have scanned the motives and ways of men,
And the skeleton grins through all.

Of the great heart-treasure of hope and trust

I exulted to feel mine own,

Remains, in that down-trod temple's dust,

But faith in God alone.

I have seen too oft the domino torn,

And the mask from the face of men,

To have aught but a smile of tranquil scorn

For all believed in then.

The day is dark as the night with woes,

And my dreams are of battles lost,

Of eclipse, phantoms, wrecks, and foes,

And of exiles tempest-tost.

No more ! no more ! On the dreary shore

I hear a *caoïna* sung ;

With the early dead is my lonely bed—

You shall not call me long ;

I fade away to the home of clay,

With not one dream fulfilled ;

My wreathless brow in the dust I bow,

My heart and harp are stilled.

Oh ! would I might rest, when my soul departs,

Where the clustering sea-pinks blow,

And the Irish rose on the purple quartz
Droops over the waves below—
Where crystals gleam in the caves about,
Like virtue in human souls,
And the victor Sea, with a thunder-shout,
Through the breach in the rock-wall rolls!

LAST SONG OF KIRKE WHITE.

WITH fervid youth's ambition,
I sighed for love and fame—
And I've won too late contrition,
A cold heart and broken frame.
With slow and fatal finger,
I feel thee, pale decay,
Within my bosom linger,
And wear its chords away.
I know, when mirth's advancing
In Summer's laughing sky,
And flowers with zephyrs dancing—
I know that I must die.
Farewell to dreamless slumbers!
I go, most mournful lyre!
Even now the death-song's numbers
On my trembling lips expire.

No more wild anthems breathing,
When that pallid lip is mute,
Dark weeds in triumph wreathing
Shall crush my stringless lute.
Yet I've taught thee strains undying,
And from the funeral bough
To sorrow's children sighing,
My epitaph art thou.
Let no marble falsehood press me,
Let no pomp insult my tomb,
But the charmless winds caress me,
And the heather o'er me bloom.
Exult! 'tis Phoebus dooms thee—
Replete with rapture's fire,
Thine own proud soul consumes thee,
O self-destroying lyre!
But hark! celestial voices
Are chiding my delay,
And my prison'd soul rejoices,
And pants to spring away.
I come, O blest dominions
That alone can fill the heart!
The waving of thy pinions
Maketh music to depart.
My last farewell is spoken,
My funeral-song is o'er,
And the heart in boyhood broken,
Is pangless evermore.

HARDRESS CREGAN TO EILY
O'CONNOR.

(See "The Collegians," By Gerald Griffin.)

SUSTAIN me, God!—for mine own sin
Has bound me with a fiery chain,
And—like a corrach drawn within
A vortex on the black'ning main—
The while for fame, for life, for love,
I madly strain with desp'rate oar,
A spectre laughs the helm above,
And mocks my frenzied strokes to shore.
Yet down the wave there beams afar
The fire of thy dear altar, Hope!
And, while I view thy cheering star,
With hell's dark powers I yet may cope.
Oh yes! though down the lurid wave
They try to drag my shrinking soul—
Though round remorse and vengeance rave,
And shame's black tides in fury roll—
Be thine the smile, dear Eily, still
To light my path with gentle ray;
And not the banded powers of ill
Again shall lead my soul astray.
And when kind heaven shall cease to frown—
When this dire cloud of death is past—
Before thy feet I'll throw me down,
In tears of speechless rapture cast;

And thoughts that now in gloom must sleep,
From forth my burning soul shall flow,
As rills from frozen Winter leap
To hail the Summer's golden glow.

HARDRESS CREGAN TO ANNE CHUTE.

I DREAMED last night that, pillow'd on thy
breast,
I heard thee sing a sad yet pleasing strain—
How pride once sever'd hearts that love possess'd,
And how, at length, in tears they met again ;
And o'er the maiden's high and polished brow
The blush of conscious beauty went and
came,
And on the youth's had deeply graven now
Proud thoughts, and high their characters of
flame.
Upon thy breast my soul's subsiding waves
Sank like the billows on a velvet shore—
My troubled spirit knew a moment's rest,
And fondly deemed its earthly sorrows o'er.

But then I woke to weep. Oh! why, my love,
 Didst thou so coldly rend our souls apart?
 From thy sweet altar sternly why remove
 The faithful worship of a fervent heart?
 And canst thou find in all thy youthful pride,
 Enthroned the queen of Beauty's starry
 ring,
 A joy like that when once we side by side
 All the sweet eve would smile, and sigh, and
 sing?
 Ah! once thine eyes were not so cold to me,
 And when I trembled as I kissed thee then,
 My happy sighs were echoed back by thee,
 And thy lips trembled upon mine again.
 Though sages paint thy sex to faithless be,
 Alas! I mocked them in too trusting youth;
 I came and knelt adoringly to thee.
 Oh! bitter wisdom! now I know their truth.
 But since my guiding stars—thy gentle eyes—
 Withdrew their lustre from my darken'd
 way,
 Though many lovely orbs might o'er me rise,
 I trusted never their delusive ray.
 Well! you forsook me without cause assigned
 By you, or giv'n, the angels know, by me—
 Henceforth the cold, calm, loveless joys of
 mind
 Alone on earth my spirit's stay shall be.

Go, and be happy in another's arms ;
Forget our loves—the first with both—and
tell
Thy fav'rite, smiling, how thy fickle charms
Darken'd my soul for ever. Fare thee well !

THOSE SUNNY HOURS.

THOSE sunny hours—those sunny hours—
When hope and happiness were born,
When, culling fancy's fairest flow'rs,
I heeded not the hidden thorn—
Yes! those have fled, and now, bereft
Of solace, I must yield to fate—
She spoke the word, and oh! it left
My spirit dark and desolate.

Those sunny hours—those sunny hours—
When soul was bound in mystic thrall,
When Eden hope built airy tow'rs,
And little thought they'd ever fall—
Have pass'd like gladd'ning dreams which
leave
A sense of their heart-dazzling light,
But make the wond'ring waker grieve
That they should ever take their flight.

Those sunny hours—those sunny hours—
 Have fled for ever and for aye,
 And in the darkling storm which low'rs
 I read no sign of fairer day.
 The flow'r, when winds of Winter ring,
 Droops on the desolated plain,
 Yet through its tears it looks to Spring—
 But I can never hope again!

THE FLOWER.

“It requires an eternity to develop all the elements of the soul.”—BULWER'S *Student*.

IN visioned sleep I saw a flower unfolding,
 From the first moment of its humble birth,
 When loving spirits hovered round, beholding
 With joy the young leaves bursting from the
 earth.
 She sprang towards heaven, with many storms
 contending,
 But love watched o'er her hourly as she rose,
 With shielding wing and genial breath defending
 From quivered lightning and descending snows;
 And still she soared, by angel hands protected,
 Her coloured chalice fed with holy dew,
 Until, at length, her glorious crown erected,
 High o'er the clouds, was hid from mortal view.

And then before the wingèd princes kneeling,
I prayed them, tearful, of the mystic flower ;
Till one, his breath of light in mist concealing,
A moment wrapt me to his starry bower.

Upon that orb's extremest summit standing,
He said, "O'er Eden's rainbow-coloured floor
Behold the flower still lives, and, still expanding,
Fast by the throne shall bloom for evermore !
Immortal fountains there her beauties nourish,
Each hour more glorious as the ages roll.
Heir of Eternity ! thus MAN shall flourish—
The flower thou seest is the human soul !"

ST. KEVIN TO HIS SISTER.

SWEET sister Eva, my dark soul is weary
Pursuing phantoms, still in doubt and tears,
With bitter pain, through deserts foul and
dreary,
Entrapped in ambush, and transfixed with
spears.
*Sister, to thee I come in humble sorrow,
To know the future and deplore the past.*

Gaze through my spirit—say, shall mercy's
morrow,
Through grief's dark billow, shine on me at last?
The more I strive to virtue's high dominion,
With faltering footstep, but unshaken will,
With sullied robe and sorely wounded pinion,
I fall down wailing from the sacred hill.
My soul was once a pictured constellation,
Dream-peopled ever with seraphic throngs;
I knew no joy like tears of adoration,
I loved no music but celestial songs.
My heart is silent, and mine eyes grow moister,
All sweet emotions overflow my soul,
When through the woods that shrine the lonely
cloister
The vesper bells in holy sadness toll.
Splendour of God! how fair and Christ-like
shining
The soul arrayed in virtue's beamy robe;
Such heaven's pure queen, the stars her brows
entwining,
Sun-clad, and gliding on the lunar globe.
I see afar the lofty crystal mountain
In rainbows veiled, whence gush the springs
of life,
And thirst to quaff them, but no sacred fountain
Revives my heart, that faints in ceaseless
strife.

Oh, could I burst the heavy chains that bind
me,

As soars a golden eagle to the sun,

No cloud should stay, nor brightest lightning
blind me,

Till poised 'mid heaven my starry home
were won.

But vain ! in vain ! for, ever upward soaring,
The shining gates a fearful darkness bars,
Through which, with tears, I see the blest
adoring,

Among the splendent temples of the stars.
By Glendalough one summer eve I slumbered,
Night's holy standard o'er the lake unfurled,
And swift as thought, as angel shields un-
numbered,

Flashed forth the armies of the starry world ;
And from mine eyes the film of earth was
riven,

On ev'ry globe I saw an em'rald throne,
And one to each victorious soul was given :

But ah ! I wept—in vain I sought my own.
Sweet sister Eva, child of song and vision,
Harp of the cloister, songstress of the
shrine,

Read thou my dream : thy voice be fate's
decision ;

To hear thee humbly, and obey, be mine.

And if thy lips command me forth for ever,
Beyond the burning portals of the dawn,
Fear not ! our God shall aid my weak endeavour,
And fix my will like oaks on Derrybawn.*
And as with ease creative sculpture fashions
The soft, yet fire-resisting Brocka stone,†
My heart, unscathed by earth's consuming
passions,
Shall melt to grace's plastic hand alone.

ST. KEVIN TO KATHLEEN.

COME, Kathleen, pure and soft as dew,
The lake is heaving at our feet,
The stars ascend the eternal blue,
Primeval granite makes our seat ;
Beneath eternal skies above,
'Mid everlasting hills around,
I speak of love—immortal love—
Such as in Eden first was found.

* Derrybawn, the hill of white oaks, overhangs Glendalough, and still abounds with the forest tree from which it takes its name.

† From the Brocka mountain is quarried Actinolite, containing garnets and asbestos, to which latter constituent it is indebted for a great power of resisting fire. The beautiful church of St. Kevin is built entirely of *this stone*.

Let each look through the other's soul,
 Until each thought within that lies,
Like spar o'er which these clear waves roll,
 Unveil its lustre to our eyes.
I bless thee, Kathleen, o'er and o'er,
 For all the joy thy smiles have brought me,
And mysteries of loving lore
 Thy very presence oft hath taught me.
For beauty innocent as thine—
 Such lovely soul in lovely form—
Still makes diviner aught divine,
 And calms the spirit's wildest storm.
Whene'er I muse—how oft!—on thee,
 Half seen, each high and holy feeling
Of love and immortality
 Takes shape, like angels round me wheeling.
To thee I owe the purest flow'rs
 Of song that o'er my pathway burst,
And holy thoughts, at midnight hours,
 From thine unconscious beauty nurst.
There is no stain on flow'rs like these,
 That from my heart to thine are springing ;
And thoughts of thee are like the breeze,
 When bells for Midnight Mass are ringing.
Without thy knowledge, from thee beams
 Some gentle and refining light,
That fills my heart with childhood's dreams,
 And I grow purer in thy sight.

'Tis thus the sacred constellations
Transpierce and cleanse earth's grosser fires;
And high angelic emanations
Illuminate inferior choirs.
Thou art no queen—no hero I—
But thou'rt the fairest Christian maid
To whom the worship of a sigh
By Christian bard was ever paid.
And this I am. Sire! God above!
Who made my soul of that rich flame,
All adoration, song, and love,
That from thine own great Spirit came!
Than mine no purer, warmer zeal
For justice, and sublime desire
Of freedom, truth, and human weal,
Glow in the seraph ranks of fire.
I've bowered thee in a lowly shrine—
My bosom's convent-garden, sweet—
Where song and prayer their sighs combine,
Where love and adoration meet.
I've robed thee, like Ban-Tierna olden,
Of Eire, in a vesture green;
And clasped thee with a girdle golden,
O'er all my dream-world Saint and Queen.
I've starred thy hands with Irish gems,
And sought, to wreath thy rich brown hair,
The oak-wood's dewy diadems,
And won thee sacred shamrocks there.

Oh! would that thou couldst read my heart,
Or that my lips might be unsealed,
And by love's lamp, in every part,
My spirit's inmost crypt revealed!
Within, like maid in minstrel tale,
One lovely vision sleeping lies;
Beside her Hope, with forehead pale,
And timid Joy, with downcast eyes.
'Tis Love, in long enchantment bound,
I know not how, in torpor there—
The spells obey but one sweet sound,
When Kathleen sings they melt in air.
See! over yonder mountains, cracked
And sundered by volcanic fire,
Sings Glendalough's white cataract—
Fit chord of such a granite lyre.
And then the cloud-born waterfall
Summons, aloud from rock and wood,
The child-like springs, and leads them all,
With laughter, to this gloomy flood.
And thus thy love my heart shall lave—
When Sorrow's rocks, faith-cloven, sever,
Giving a glimpse of God—and save
Life's current pure and fresh for ever.

THE PRAISE OF MICHAEL,
FIRST OF THE "SEVEN SPIRITS."

PRINCE of the Seraphim ! breath of our Lord !
Unsheathe once again thy all-conquering sword.
Let the flash of thine advent illumine the sea,
Where the nations weep wearily, waiting for
thee.

Our hearts have grown hard, and our charity
cold,
And the God of the Age is the Devil of Gold ;
While hatred, injustice, and tyranny rule
Over virtue, like Christ, in the rags of a fool.

But the pregnant times heave with a wonderful
birth—

New portents calamitous darken the earth ;
And pestilence, famine, and "rumours of war,"*
Proclaim the Avenger's sublime avatar.

Already rush onwards thy crown-crushing wheels,
And beneath them revolving the firmament
reels ;

For strong, shining, and vast as Saturnian rings
Are the war-orbs that shatter the anti-Christ
kings.

* Revelations.

Oh! to see thee resplendent, in Heaven's first
war,
From Lucifer rescuing star after star,
Till each fane in Creation's cathedral of light
Was cleansed from pollution, emerging more
bright!

Before thee are thunders, and ruin behind,
Archangels around thee fall dazzled and blind;
For the arrows of God, from His citadel towers,
Thy sun-shielded legions are flashing in showers.

Hosannah to Jesus! what jubilant hymn
Pealed out to the galaxy's uttermost rim,
As the angels of Lyra* sang joy from their
thrones,
And the Cross* and the Altar* re-echoed the
tones.

Where the double stars wheel, and the coloured
suns glow,
And the fiery-haired comets flash, flash to and
fro,
Round about, in and out, from Uranus to Mars,
Like shuttles of flame through the looms of the
stars.

* The constellations so named.

From the many-shrined universe' altars of gold
 Articulate thunders of psalmody rolled ;
 Chime the joy-bells of Heaven victoriously
 round,
 And the choired constellations *Te Deum* resound.

Oh ! when shall the kingdoms thou guardest be
 ours,
 And the martyrs ascend to the Thrones and the
 Pow'rs ;

While the tyrants of earth, who are drunk with
 their gore,
 Shall see God in Judgment, to see Him no more ?

How grand shall the scene be—how awful the
 day

When Michael shall rush o'er the prostrate
 array—

Through forests of lances, o'er mountains of
 swords

On Blasphemy's myriads of God-daring hordes.

And engines of fire and of vapour are there—
 From the earth they wrench thunder, and
 lightning from air—

And the kingdoms of dole have unfolded with
 joy

The dark secrets of hell, that teach man to
 destroy.

But I see thee, strong Seraph, in anger descend,
Thy swift wings the ominous thunder-cloud
rend,

Thou leapest in wrath on the shuddering ground,
And the mountains are shaken with terror
around.

Thou whose zeal all-consuming avenged Him,
of yore,

Whom the ranks of archangels embattled adore
As Lord God of Hosts, when He gazed on His
foes,

And the crash of immortals in ruin arose.

O tempest-maned war-horse, with levin-fire
shod,

In battle who borest the champion of God
O'er the panoplied sun-kings and throne-bear-
ing cars

Rushing on like vast fragments of fire-shat-
tered stars,

Triumphant for ever shall be thy career
Through time and through space, to the utter-
most sphere,

Till the victor thou bearest at length has
unfurled

*Christ's banner of love o'er each system and
world.*

SISTER OF CHARITY.

SISTER of Charity ! gentle and dutiful,
Loving as seraphim, tender and mild,
In humbleness strong, and in purity beautiful,
In spirit heroic, in manners a child ;
Ever thy love, like an angel, reposes
With hovering wings o'er the sufferer here,
Till the arrows of death are half hidden in roses,
And hope, speaking prophecy, smiles on the
bier.

When life like a vapour is slowly retiring,
As clouds in the dawning to heaven uprolled,
Thy prayer, like a herald, precedes him expiring,
And the cross on thy bosom his last looks
behold.

And, oh ! as the Spouse to thy words of love
listens,

What hundred-fold blessings descend on thee
then !

Thus the flower-absorbed dew in the bright iris
glistens,

And returns to the lilies more richly again.

Sister of Charity ! child of the Holiest !

Oh ! for thy loving soul, ardent as pure !

Mother of orphans, and friend of the lowliest !

Stay of the wretched, the guilty, the poor !

The embrace of the Godhead so plainly enfolds
thee,

Sanctity's halo so shrines thee around,

Daring the eye that unshrinking beholds thee,

Nor droops in thy presence abashed to the
ground.

Dim is the fire of the sunniest blushes

Burning the breast of the maidenly rose,

To the exquisite bloom that thy pale beauty
flushes

When the incense ascends and the sanctuary
glows,

And the music, that seems Heaven's language,
is pealing—

Adoration has bowed him in silence and
sighs,

And man, intermingled with angels, is feeling

The passionless rapture that comes from the
skies.

Oh ! that this heart, whose unspeakable treasure

Of love hath been wasted so vainly on clay,

Like thine, unallured by the phantom of
pleasure,

Could rend every earthly affection away !

And yet, in thy presence, the billows, subsiding,
Obey the strong effort of reason and will ;
And my soul, in her pristine tranquillity gliding,
Is calm as when God bade the ocean be still !
Thy soothing, how gentle ! thy pity, how tender !
Choir-music thy voice is, thy step angel-grace,
And thy union with Deity shrines in a splendour
Subdued, but unearthly, thy spiritual face.
When the frail chains are broken a captive that
bound thee

Afar from thy home in the prison of clay,
Bride of the Lamb ! and Earth's shadows around
thee

Disperse in the blaze of eternity's day ;
Still mindful, as now, of the sufferer's story,
Arresting the thunders of wrath ere they
roll,

Intervene, as a cloud, between us and His glory,
And shield from His lightnings the shudder-
ing soul ;

And mild, as the moonbeams in Autumn de-
scending,

That lightning, extinguished by mercy, shall
fall,

While He hears, with the wail of the penitent
blending,

Thy prayer, holy daughter of Vincent De
Paul !

THE HYMN OF ST. BRIGID.

THE midnight wind roared through the oaks of
Kildare,
And a clang from the round tow'r at intervals
came,
While St. Bride, at the altar, was kneeling in
pray'r,
And her sisters attended the mystical flame ;
Her whole spirit wrapt in unspeakable love,
Immersed and consumed, as in billows of fire,
She seems a young seraph adoring above,
Transfigured in flames of ecstatic desire.

"As the levin-flash fuses the steel in its blaze,
As ocean drinks up all the torrents that be,
Dissolve thus my heart in Thy charity's rays,
And absorb, in Thy vastness, my errors and
me.

Oh ! let not the numberless sins that I bear,
Debar me from drinking Thy blood as it flows ;
If the thrones of Thy kingdom the just only
share,
Thou need'st not have died to take on Thee
our woes ;

But to ransom the lost ones Thou camest from
bliss,
'Twas sinners like me brought Thee down from
the spheres,
And Thy wounds do not shrink from the peni-
tent's kiss,
But the smiles of Thy Godhead illumine his
tears.
Thrice holy! O manna, from heaven's high
hall,
Sweet banquet! the soul of the weary that
cheers,
Our Father, Friend, Lover, and God—Thou
art all
Our Hope, Strength, and Life in this valley of
tears.
Ah! who would not mingle his life-blood with
Thine,
And perish in torture to love Thee an hour,
To die at Thy feet, in these ardours divine,
As in noon's fervid splendour expireth a
flower?
Yet retire in Thy glory, my bosom's adored,
Or unfetter my soul from its prison of
clay,
For Thy full-flowing brightness, ineffable
Lord,
Consumes me too fiercely in raptures away.

O Spring of Contrition ! a penitent cries ;
Oh ! sprinkle our souls with the sorrowful
dews
That burst from Thy brow and that streamed
from Thine eyes,
When they crowned Thee on Calvary " King
of the Jews."
When the ruin shall come, that mine eyes may
not see,
Upon cloister and shrine where Thy name
was adored,
And the temples and thrones of our island
shall be
The spoil of a barbarous foreigner's sword ;
As Thou guided our fathers triumphant away
From the host of a tyrant, through ocean, of
yore,
O Heart of the Crucified ! shield them that
day,
And roll round their march the Red Sea of
Thy gore !
Though they madden the vanquished with
famine and flame,
And pour forth the blood of our nation like
wine,
O God ! may no trial of torture or shame
Crush out from their bosoms Thy spirit
divine.

May the hope and the love Thou hast bound-
 lessly given
 To the heart of this people, grow stronger
 in tears,
 Till from spirit and frame ev'ry fetter be riven,
 And Liberty's bow through the tempest
 appears ;
 And the faith Thou hast planted, at length a
 fair tree,
 So long richly nourished with patriot gore,
 Shall soar from the mountains, umbrageous, to
 Thee,
 And a nation of saints in its shadow adore !"

INVOCATION.

ENLIGHTEN me, Lord, with Thy life-giving
 beams,
 This darkness expel from my soul,
 Restrain the wild flights of my wandering
 dreams,
 And my fearful temptations control.

Dark passions, like serpents, are hissing within—
 Oh ! ever to save me be nigh,
 Or entangled, ensnared in the meshes of sin,
If Thou leavest me, Lord, I shall die.

Be Thou my defender, and shield with Thy
wing

My heart from soft luxury's thrall ;
And the lyre that is blessed with Thy praises
shall sing,

Like the harp that was struck before Saul.

Command the wild waves and the tempests to
sleep,

And say to the sea, " Be thou still,"
And unto the North wind, " Blow soft o'er the
deep,"

And the ocean shall calm at Thy will.

From Thy fountains on high, the pure streams
of Thy truth

Through the vales of the universe send—
For my bosom is clay that is parched by the
drought,

Till the showers of Thy mercy descend.

Drop down the rich dews of Thy grace from
above,

Distil Thy soft rains o'er the earth,
And sweet tears of contrition, devotion, and
love,

To the fruits of the soul shall give birth.

Lift up my weak mind, overwhelmed with sin—
 My heart from all creatures set free,
 That never aught human that spirit may win,
 That has once been illumined by Thee.

From affections of earth draw away my desires—
 Vain affections that weary the breast ;
 But consume me, dear Lord, with Thine own
 hallowed fires,
 That in Thee may my heart find its rest.

A THOUGHT ON CALVARY.

CROWNED and throned, King Jesus, bleed-
 ing,
 Reigns in gory pomp on high ;
 Men around, like devils, taunt Him,
 Tears of angels dim the sky.
 Awful ichor, wave immortal,
 O'er a suppliant sinner roll ;
 Cleanse me in your purple torrents,
 Heal, revive, inspire my soul.
 From Thy wounded breast, my Saviour,
 Lo ! the saving fountains play.
 Royal river ! in thy flowing
 Wash my scarlet guilt away.

But, my soul ! what mortal sadness
Hangs on Jesus' brow the while,
And a God-like sorrow mingles
With th' expiring victor's smile ?
Ah ! for us His heart is breaking.
Yes, for man—the cold ingrate,
Who returns a God's affection
With a worse than demon hate.
Not the nails that tear each fibre—
Not the spear His heart within—
Lacerate that loving bosom
Like our crushing load of sin.
He had smiled on Calv'ry's altar,
Sweet as when enthroned above,
Were His countless pangs rewarded
By our dearly purchased love ;
But our cold and heartless torpor
Rises on His shrinking view—
Not alone His veins are streaming,
But His soul is bleeding too.
Jesus ! stay my shuddering spirit,
Horror loads my struggling breath,
I am guilty of Thy murder,
I have sold my God to death.
Oh, can Earth—can Hell have torments
That for crime like this atone ?
*Wilt Thou rise and crush creation,
Thundering from Thine awful throne ?*

Shall the lovely stars, extinguished,
Be a howling waste again ;
And red lightnings blast for ever
Every trace of guilty men ?
Hark ! He speaks : " For all My anguish—
All My blood and tortures here—
All *thy* malice—grant Me only,
Contrite sinner, one pure tear."

VESPER HYMN.

TO THE GUARDIAN ANGELS OF IRELAND.

SINKING afar o'er the deep's mighty fountains,
While the sun's rayless brow upon night's
bosom faints ;
Descend, Guardian Spirits ! encamp on our
mountains,
And lovingly watch o'er the Island of Saints.
And while to His ear rise your " thrice holy"
numbers,*
May an aura divine through night's solitudes
blow,
Which shall fill with strange music our many-
dreamed slumbers,
And wrap the full heart in oblivion of woe.

* The Trisagion.

When sleep, sorrow's tomb with her flowery
wand sealing,

The soft pall of silence o'er life's battle flings,
Then glimpses of Eden in visions revealing,
O'ershadow our rest with your sheltering
wings.

And let us, in dreams of the soul's native
regions,

Behold—what saint only or poet may say—
Spear, banner, and falchion of cherubim legions
Proudly waved in the blaze of angelic array!

From the rill-gushing mountains, the thrones
of your glory,

The towers of your watching, the homes of
your love,
Look down on our slavery's tear-blotted story,
And rush to our rescue with strength from
above.

Ere the black steed of Famine,* in tempest
descending,

The young harvest tramples still greenly that
springs,
Oh! yet o'er the vales' precious fruitfulness
bending,

Expand the vast shields of your emerald wings.

* Apoc. cap. vi. verse 5.

And ere shroud-mantled Pestilence' noisome
breath wither

The flow'rs through which lately young
Health, smiling, trod,

Whence the tree of Life blossoms, Raphaël ! oh !
hither,

On balm-dropping pinion, come, "Healing
of God !"

Till, from Famine and Plague and worse Thral-
dom emerging,

More purified, chainless, and chastened we
stand :

All hearts to one centre, united, converging,

And Love, Peace, and Plenty, replenish the
land.

Come ! come to us, Angels of Hope and of
Healing,

With chaplet of snowdrop* and plumes of
the dove—

And, like rainbow-clad show'rs to the fainting
earth stealing,

Come, green-winged Mercy and fire-arrowed
Love !

* This flower has been beautifully feigned to have been formed by an angel from a falling snowflake, and presented, as a symbol of Hope, to Eve trembling with terror in the first snowstorm.

KYRIE ELEISON.

LIFE and death are in Thy hand,
Lord, have mercy !
The blight came down at Thy command,
Christ, have mercy !
The famine pang and fever pain
Tear the nation's heart in twain—
Human aid is sought in vain—
Parce nobis, Domine !

Loud, more loud, their footsteps fall,
Lord, have mercy !
Heaven is one vast funeral pall,
Christ, have mercy !
Twin destroyers, hand in hand,
They stalk along the blasted land—
Who before their frown shall stand ?
Parce nobis, Domine !

Without a grave, like weeds to lie,
Lord, have mercy !
Despairing thousands wait to die,
Christ, have mercy !
The famished infant vainly cries—
Its mother dead beside it lies—
Let our anguish pierce the skies—
Parce nobis, Domine !

Outcast of the nations, long,
 Lord, have mercy !
We bear a foreign tyrant's wrong,
 Christ, have mercy !
Black our fearful crime must be,
With triple scourges lashed by Thee—
Famine, Plague, and Slavery—
 Parce nobis, Domine !

Oh ! if torture might atone,
 Lord, have mercy !
With tears of blood before Thy throne,
 Christ, have mercy !
Six hundred years we toil in chains ;
We sow, but aliens reap our plains :
The life is frozen in our veins—
 Parce nobis, Domine !

Disarmed and bleeding, here apart,
 Lord, have mercy !
A vulture preys upon our heart,
 Christ, have mercy !
Oh ! bitter is our Helot doom—
In life no joy, in death no tomb—
Despair and vengeance rule the gloom—
 Parce nobis, Domine !

Without a prayer or passing bell,
Lord, have mercy !
The shroudless armies hourly swell,
Christ, have mercy !
The dying, ghastlier than the dead,
With blanchèd lips have vainly said,
“ Give us this day our daily bread ”—
Parce nobis, Domine !

Woe ! woe ! to feel the life-blood freeze,
Lord, have mercy !
Fruitlessly, by slow degrees,
Christ, have mercy !
Oh ! had we fallen on the plain
In rapid battle swiftly slain,
We had not perished thus in vain—
Parce nobis, Domine !

The grave shall wider, deeper grow,
Lord, have mercy !
My soul forebodes a darker woe,
Christ, have mercy !
No food on earth—no health in air—
The sword were mercy to despair.
Avenger ! when thine arm is bare,
Parce nobis, Domine !

Their God is wroth, our foemen say ;
 Lord, have mercy !
Our Father ! turn Thine ire away ;
 Christ, have mercy !
Bid thine angel cease to slay—
Have mercy, Heaven, on feeble clay—
Hear Thy stricken people pray
 Parce nobis, Domine !

Before the isle is all a grave,
 Lord, have mercy !
Arise ! mysterious God, and save ;
 Christ, have mercy !
But if the pestilential sun
Must see us wither, one by one,
Thy hand hath made—Thy will be done—
 Parce nobis, Domine !

CONTRITION—ADORATION.

OH ! not to me the lyre of a spirit singing nigh
Thee,
Where the myriad starry swarms of the clus-
tered suns rush by Thee ;
Alas ! my fallen soul ! I have dared so oft defy
Thee,
Though grief would draw me near, my guiltiness
must fly Thee.

If they, the vilest, may adore—even Lucifer
address Thee—

Let a child of clay and sin from his deep prostration
bless Thee.

May the purest of all creatures, who as Mother
here caressed Thee,

With restless intercession for my forfeit glory
press Thee,

And through tears my life shall love, and
through blood my death confess Thee.

Restore the child-like innocence, faith, terror,
joy, and wonder,

That saw Thee in the holy stars—that heard
Thee in the thunder—

That blessed Thee in all lovely things above
the clouds and under,

Ere sin had rent the mystic robe, that made
me Thine, asunder ;

Before I knew, with impious pride, to question
and to doubt Thee,

Or heard, with learned blasphemies, the sneering
sceptic flout Thee.

O God ! withdraw the awful gloom my folly
hung about Thee ;

*The sun is dark—my soul is dead—and Heaven
is Hell without Thee !*

Sweet Jesus ! aid my feebleness, assist my weak
endeavour,
The fetters of my slavery at length through
Thee to sever.
Shall souls which die to please Thy heart, yet
living please Thee never,
And, loving Thee far more than life, be still Thy
foes for ever ?

Oh, place me in some distant orb that scarcely
gleams before Thee,
Upon creation's twilight verge, in silence to
adore Thee ;
I may not with sublimer souls approach the
brightness o'er Thee—
Be mine the dust, the gloom, the tears—con-
trition, I implore Thee !

And the Crucified appeared that hour, all pallid,
faint, and gory,
And the bitter crown of woe upon His wounded
temples wore He ;
He heard from Heaven's highest throne the
contrite sinner's story,
And flew to make that heart the home of all
His love and glory !

Agios! Athanatos! Holiest! Divinest!
Thou through the veil of the firmament Who
shinest,
Thou Who on the wings of the Cherubim re-
clinest!
Agios! Athanatos! Holiest! Divinest!

Soul of the Universe! Father of the Ages!
Whose name is of stars on the Heaven's azure
pages!
Raise all to Thee through still ascending stages,
Soul of the Universe, Father of the Ages!

ADORO TE DEVOTE.

O HIDDEN God! devoutly I adore Thee
Beneath these figures truly, though con-
cealed:
My heart bows down undoubtingly before Thee,
Lost in the marvel Thou hast here revealed.
Hail, hidden Jesus! strengthen, we implore,
The faith of all who lovingly adore.

Sight, taste, and touch in vain the mind deceive,
Thy word alone suffices, Lord, for me—
Whate'er God's Son hath uttered I believe;
Nought than the word of Truth can truer be.
Hail, hidden Jesus, etc.

Upon the cross a cloud Thy Godhead wore,
Here Thy humanity is shrouded too ;
Yet both confessing truly I adore,
And what the good thief prayed I humbly sue.
Hail, hidden Jesus ! etc.

Thy wounds, like Thomas, I do not behold,
Still I confess Thee God, all Gods above ;
Grant me still more this fixed faith to hold,
In Thee to hope—Thee always more to love.
Hail, hidden Jesus ! etc.

O sweet memorial of Christ's death for me,
True living bread, conferring life on man,
Grant that my soul may ever feast on Thee,
And taste Thy sweetness as Faith only can.
Hail, hidden Jesus ! etc.

O pious Pelican, Lord Jesus ! hear,
Cleanse me, a sinner, in Thy healing blood,
One drop of which, or even one sacred tear
Could save the world—yet Thou wouldst
shed a flood.
Hail, hidden Saviour ! etc.

For only this sufficed Thy love to show,
And thus the frozen heart of man to gain—
From all Thy wounds the willing fountains flow,
A thousand tongues in every bleeding vein.
Hail, hidden Saviour ! etc.

Sweet Jesus, whom I now behold concealed,
What I so thirst for hasten, I implore,
That, seeing Thy bright countenance revealed,
My happy soul Thy glory may adore !

For evermore !

Hail, hidden Godhead ! strengthen, we
implore,

The faith of all who lovingly adore !

BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

TEACH me, O God, the truest adoration !

Give me to know, in Thy mysterious ways,
Shall hymns of joy and fervent aspiration,

Or tearful silence, best proclaim Thy praise !
Whene'er I bow in humble prayer before Thee,
So great my load of sorrow and of sin—
So great my joy one moment to adore Thee—
Sobs and hosannas strive my heart within.

Woe for the soul that cannot here discover
Her own Creator and the angels' King—
King of the angels—but man's more than lover,
Tortured and slain for our vast ransoming !

And yet the vilest dust concealeth wonders,
 Teems with strange marvels—miracles indeed:
 And heaven hath distance, splendour, time, and
 numbers
 The lordliest mind shall never grasp and read.

Still man, who sees Thee in the humblest flower,
 Who knows so little round him or above,
 While he perforce admits Thy boundless power,
 Presumes to set a limit to Thy love!
 Had heaven to me the shining sceptre yielded
 Of some strong angel, whose bright throne
 may be
 O'er many a starry myriad lightning-shielded,
 In glory marching through eternity—

Oh! happier far, in humble adoration
 Were I, to bend my pride, head, heart, and
 knee,
 And feel, no more a discord in creation,
 My soul in harmony with her and Thee!
 Before Thee then this world seems cold and
 narrow,
 The spirit blossoms like the prophet's rod,
 And every sigh becomes a burning arrow
 Whose bright point flashes through the heart
 of God!

Thou hast unnumbered Seraphim to sing Thee
Adoring canticles from pole to pole—
But we, alas! faint praise, poor offering bring
Thee,
Yet Thou hast died for this—the human soul!
Oh! make it Thine by grace and tribulation,
And when life's brief calamity is o'er,
Crown us in love's sublimest adoration,
Where faith is lost in vision evermore!

TO OUR LADY OF VICTORY.

HAIL! holy Queen! all hail! Ladye,
Life, sweetness, hope, and love—
To thee we raise our ceaseless wail,
Mourning and weeping, faint and pale,
Eve's children, in this tearful vale,
We cry to thee above, Marie,
We cry to thee above.

Sweet Queen of mercy! deign, Ladye,
To turn thine eyes below:
And when we've o'er life's treacherous main,
Poor exiles, sailed in grief and pain,
Thy womb's blest fruit, our Jesus slain,
To us in glory show, Marie,
To us in glory show.

O clement Mother! hear, Ladye,
O Virgin undefiled!
By every holy hope and fear,
By every precious smile and tear
That hailed His birth or wept his bier,
Receive me as thy child, Marie,
Receive me as thy child.

Tower of silver shields! * Ladye,
What victories are thine!
Not cloven casques in tented fields—
No sword of strife Madonna wields,
Yet hell in arms before thee yields,
And pauses wrath divine, Marie,
And pauses wrath divine.

War is our lot below, Ladye,
Whether that war we wage
With sickness, poverty, dearth, and woe,
The passions within that surge and glow,
With human tyrant or fiendish foe,
'Tis the same from age to age, Marie,
The same from age to age.

* Canticle of Canticles.

Peace is an idle dream, Ladye,
 'Tis deadly strife, around.
Bitter and red is time's turbid stream,
Round us the phantoms of cloudland scream,
And rarely the swords of the angels gleam
 Till the soul is bound or crowned, Marie,
Till God is lost or found.

But we call thee not in vain, Ladye,
 To the mortal strife of souls,
To walk through this fiery battle-plain,
To teach the weakest to fight amain,
Saying, "Who slays not shall be surely slain,"
 And the combat onward rolls, Marie,
The combat onward rolls.

When despair with her sable wings, Ladye,
 O'ershadows me like the tomb,
And sceptic pride, like a Winter, flings
Her frozen chains o'er the holy springs
Of faith and love, and no longer sings,
 Sweet hope through the rayless gloom,
 Marie,
Sweet hope through the rayless gloom—

One pillar unbroken stands, Ladye,
 One star through the night appears—
I call on thee, and celestial brands
Shiver asunder the tempter's bands,
And grace distils from thy radiant hands,
 Like a guardian angel's tears, Marie,
Like a guardian angel's tears.

While this earthly vesture mars, Ladye,
 The ascent to our native sphere,
And the yearning soul, through her dungeon
 bars,
Gazes aloft on her home of stars,
And the discord of life's unceasing wars
 Grates on her tender ear, Marie,
Grates on her tender ear—

Oh, turn thy gracious eyes, Ladye,
 When grace seems all withdrawn,
And the heart, like a tomb where the dead
 Christ lies,
Shall be angel-thronged, and the soul shall
 rise
An immortal God, through the joyful skies,
 In a resurrection dawn, Marie,
In a resurrection dawn.

When my soul revolts at wrong, Ladye,
And my heart is sick with care,
Thou pointest, in tears, to the ruffian throng
Who drag the bleeding Christ along,
With curses, sneers, and ribald song,
And mock thy mute despair, Marie,
And mock thy mute despair.

Aloft is raised the sign, Ladye,
By visioned seers foretold,
And trickling down His brow divine
The blood-gouts dim His fading eyne,
And o'er His amber coolun shine,
Like rubies dropped on gold, Marie,
Like rubies dropped on gold.

Oh, hear thy child implore, Ladye,
The grace, all gifts above,
Thy heart to please and Christ's adore
The Eucharistic veils before,
And learn therein the saintly lore
Of humble faith and love, Marie,
Of humble faith and love.

At thy feet proud heads incline, Ladye,
 In contrition's joy of woe!
 Than the "Holy of Holies" a holier shrine
 The heart of Jesus has found in thine,
 Whence His mercies beam and His glories
 shine,
 And the tears of repentance flow, Marie,
 And the tears of repentance flow.

From broken faith and truth, Ladye,
 Protect our souls away;
 From the crimes of age and the snares of
 youth,
 From slander's poisonous serpent-tooth,
 And the pitiless Pharisee's scorn of ruth,*
 Defend our lives we pray, Marie,
 Defend our lives we pray.

When the poor are left by all, Ladye,
 When sinners their peers condemn,
 In the darkest depth where poor clay can fall,
 Thy heart replies to affliction's call,
 And thy pity, like heaven, embracing all,
 Hath peculiar dews for them, Marie,
 Peculiar love for them.

* "La fausse piete est toujours cruelle." — Massillon.

Oh! cleanse our mortal stains, Ladye,
In the all-atoning gore,
Capture our hearts in thy golden chains,
Lead in ovation earth's conquered trains,
To the realms of love where the Man-God
reigns,
Whom thy breast in ransom bore, Marie,
Whom thy breast in ransom bore.

Thou art the Triad's flow'r, Ladye,*
Lily of God alone!
Thy Son, ere time's first morning hour—
The Spirit's Love, the Father's pow'r,
Had made thy breast their bridal bow'r,
Thy sacred heart their throne, Marie,
Thy sacred heart their throne.

Hark! that triumphal hymn, Ladye!
Behold thy Queen, my soul!
Her chariot wheels, like these of Him
Whose throne is rapt by Cherubim,
Adown the dawn like music swim,
And sparkle while they roll, Marie,
And lighten while they roll!

* "Ave! candicum lilium fulgidæ Trinitatis."—*St. Gertrude.*

I see thee, entranced, ascend, Ladye,
 The heav'nly pow'rs among !
 Archangel hosts in thy train attend,
 The triune God from His glory bend—
 Oh! that my voice in that hymn could
 blend
 By choirs of angels sung, Marie,
 By choirs of angels sung!

But harps of heav'n are strung, Ladye,
 To charm celestial ears :
 And how their strings, to hail thee, rung,
 What strains exulting angels sung,
 Were too divine for mortal tongue—
 I bow in silent tears, Marie,
 I bow in silent tears.

Victorious o'er and o'er, Ladye,
 In heaven is hymned thy praise
 To golden lyres, on the starry floor,
 Where the white-robed lords of light adore
 Thy Son, who gave His lustral gore
 Our fallen thrones to raise, Marie,
 A fallen foe to raise.

On earth for evermore, Ladye,
 Shall man resume the strain ;
All nations bow thy shrine before,
And the organ-clang of the ocean's roar
Implore thee more from shore to shore,
 Star of the restless main, Marie,
Star of life's lonely main !

DIES IRÆ.

WOE is the day of ire,
Shrouding the earth in fire—
Sybil's and David's lyre
 Dimly foretold it—
Strictly the guilty land,
By the Avenger scanned,
Smitten, aghast shall stand
 Still, to behold it.

Start from your trance profound,
Through the rent graves around,
Hark ! the last trumpet's sound,
 Dolorous clangour !
Death sees in mute surprise
Ashes to doom arise—
Dust unto God replies--
 God in His anger.

Bring forth the judgment roll—
 Blazon aloud the whole
 Guilt of each trembling soul—
 Justice hath bidden.
 Then shall all hearts be known,
 Sin's abyss open thrown,
 Vengeance shall have her own,
 Naught shall be hidden.

Oh, on that dreadful day
 What shall the sinner say,
 When scarce the just shall stay
 Judgment securely?
 Save me, tremendous King!
 Who the saved soul dost bring
 Under Thy mercy's wing,
 Through Thy grace purely.

Jesus, remember I
 Caused Thee to toil and die—
 Sin brought Thee from the sky—
 I am a sinner.
 Break my soul's bitter chain—
 Thou for her love wert slain—
 Gushed Thy heart's blood in vain,
 Saviour! to win her?

Just Judge and strong! we pray,
Ere the accusing day,
From every stain of clay,
 Grant us remission.
Guilty and sore in fear,
I, clad in shame, appear—
Yet, for Thy mercy hear,
 Lord, my petition.

Who madest Mary pure,
And the good thief secure,
Gavest me also sure
 Hope of salvation,
Though, to my shrinking gaze,
Hell's everlasting blaze
Glare through the judgment day's
 Dire desolation.

Lamb, for the ransom slain!
Then, 'mid Thy snowy train,
At Thy right hand to reign,
 Place me for ever;
While, at Thy dread command,
Those at Thy left who stand,
Far from the chosen band,
 Lightnings shall sever.

Rings the last thunder shock—
 Earth's broken pillars rock—
 Down the accursed flock
 Numberless falling—
 Down to the fiery doom,
 Gulfed in hell's hopeless tomb,
 Shriek through the ghastly gloom
 Horrors appalling.

Contrite, in pale dismay,
 Lord! hear a sinner pray,
 On that tremendous day
 Spread Thy shield o'er him;
 Day of great anguish, when
 God, from the dust again,
 Summons us, guilty men,
 Wailing before Him.

Clement Thou art, as just,
 Mercy, O God, on dust—
 In Thee alone we trust,
 Shelter and save us!
 When, on the day of dole,
 Death bells of nations toll,
 Spare the immortal soul
 Thy Spirit gave us.

STABAT MATER, PARAPHRASED.

THE Man of Sorrows, rais'd on high,
O'er Calvary's purple altar hung
All bath'd in blood ;
And by the Cross, lamenting nigh,
Her soul with speechless anguish wrung,
His Mother stood :

Whose loving heart, that awful hour,
Was pierced with more than mortal woes
By sorrow's sword ;
While sin, with deicidal pow'r,
Torments in crucifixion's throes
Her dying Lord.

Oh ! was there ever grief like thine—
Of sorrow's cup the bitterest—
Afflicted maid !
Beholding flow His blood divine
Whose infant head upon thy breast
So oft was laid.

Oh ! who from weeping could refrain,
Seeing Christ's Mother unconsol'd
In such distress ?
And shall she ask our tears in vain,
Nor round His bleeding feet behold
One mourner press ?

For us, poor slaves, by sin defil'd,
She saw her spotless Jesus hang
 With failing breath ;
All o'er a wound her worship'd Child,
Until with one tremendous pang
 He bow'd to death.

At length Thy pallid lips droop down
To give, sweet Saviour ! e'en to me,
 The kiss of peace ;
More lowly bows Thy thorny crown—
One shudder rocks Thy gibbet-tree—
 Thy tortures cease.

O Virgin Queen of love and woe !
Grant that in Calvary's tears and gore
 My soul may swim,—
Until my frozen bosom glow
In weeping Christ for evermore,
 And loving Him.

O Dolorosa ! let me see
In every tear a tear of thine,
 For sinners shed—
And every wound recall to me,
Madonna pale, the wounds divine
 Of Jesus dead.

Most holy Mother ! teach my heart
To share the bitter pangs that wring
The Crucified—
To bear with thee a mourner's part
In all His woes, and with my King
His pains divide.

Oh ! may I ever weep with thee,
Bewailing Jesus pierc'd on high
For sinful clay !
Beside the Cross on bended knee,
To drain thy cup of anguish, I,
Most guilty, pray.

Virgin of Virgins ! most renown'd,
The last of sinners deign to hear
With thee condole—
And stamp thy Son, so thorn'd and crown'd,
His mock'ries, scourges, nails, and spear,
Within my soul.

Oh ! let His saving wounds be mine—
And all my spotted garments lave
In His pure blood ;
Ere yet the flames of wrath divine
Around me close, roll on and save,
Redeeming flood !

Dear Lord! when hence I pass away,
 Enwreathe my brows, thro' Mary's dole,
 With victor palm—
And when this frame shall melt to clay,
 Repose with Thee my ransom'd soul
 In Mercy's calm.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE CHRISTMAS
BABE.

Rosy dawn, the orient flushing,
 Dews o'er purple flowers that flow,
Crimson wings of martyrs, blushing
 Like the blood ye shed below ;
Ye in light celestial glowing—
 Gems that pave Jehovah's hall,
Eden-streams in music flowing,
 Rills o'er opal rocks that fall :
Lamps of God careering o'er us,
 Robed in more than regal sheen,
Sing aloud in pealing chorus,
 Hail, Holy Queen!

While she clasps the pretty Lisper
To her holy Virgin breast,
White-wing'd cherubs round her whisper,
Angel armies o'er her rest.
'Tis the lip that now on Mary
Sweetly sheds seraphic smiles,
Bids the tides of ocean vary,
Lights on high the starry isles.
Ye who from the sun's dominions,
Gaze upon that heavenly scene,
Sing to harps, with quivering pinions,
Hail, Holy Queen !

All the spheres behold with wonder
Sleeping on thy bosom lie
Him whose word in cloud and thunder
Hurl'd them flaming through the sky.
Mary ! sacred Star of Ocean,
Rise thou o'er the stormy brine,
Quell the passions' wild commotion,
Cheer and save us, Mother mine !
Round us while the tempest rages,
Be thy guiding lustre seen,
And our song through endless ages,
Hail, Holy Queen !

THE SISTER OF MERCY.

BEFORE the Cross, before the altar,
She gave her vows to God,
To bear that Cross, and ne'er to falter,
To trace the steps He trod.

The world's false lights—its wild emotion,
Shall move her mind no more ;
The star which wakes her soul's devotion
Illumes th' eternal shore.

Vain dreams of youth are past and perished,
While youth is still in bloom !
Friends, hopes, and scenes, once lov'd and
cherish'd,
Are sunk in memory's tomb,

Or if, when met, these long forsaken,
To calm delight give birth,
The wish—the thought—their presence
waken,
Belong not to this earth.

“It is not here we seek our treasures,”
She cries, “where all is vain ;
Not here I seek the short-lived pleasures,
Which folly buys from pain.

“Be mine the task, in every season,
To soothe the suff’rer’s woe,
On grief-wrung thoughts and wand’ring
reason
Sweet mercy to bestow.

“For me the mean thatch’d hut is pleasant,
If mercy there can find
An entrance to the wretched peasant,
The lowliest of his kind.

“An outcast! true—yet, oh! remember,
I follow Him whose head
Was pillow’d in the cold December
Upon His stable bed.”

Still may just Heaven, its frowns repressing,
Point out the path ye go,
And crown with many a fruitful blessing
The labours ye bestow ;

Till in that land where grief comes never,
And weary souls find rest,
Ye meet for ever and for ever,
Companions of the blest.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF HIS INFANT DAUGHTER, KATIE.

DEAR baby-daughter! in the light divine
No angel waves a purer wing than thine.
Soon may my sorrows, like thy days, be o'er—
Soon may I see, love, wonder and adore,
Gazing on God with thee for evermore!

TO ISABEL.

FEAR not! if aught except the throne of heaven's
thrice holy Sire,
Shall last for aye, 'tis Love alone, whose all-pro-
ducing fire
Lit up of yore the morning's springs, and bade
the stars to roll,
Who thrills the angel's iris-wings, and vivifies
the soul.
He moulds thy lovely form and face, thy gentle
bosom's swell,
Thine ev'ry gesture's artless grace with more
than mortal spell:

And, nobler far, true woman's heart to solace
and to save;
And pitying tears—I saw them start, and knew
myself thy slave—
A tender, playful, spotless mind, so wise,
although so young;
A heart where ev'ry virtue's shrin'd, a guileless,
tuneful tongue,
A radiant crown of raven hair, bright Aphro-
dite's form,
With all of Erin purely fair, with all of Cyprus
warm.
All these He gave thee; doubt Him not. His
fullest pow'r and will
Have bless'd so long thy favoured lot, He must
protect thee still.
'Twere false to brand the god untrue: while
fickle Fancy flies,
Love takes the soul's immortal hue, and with
her only dies!
His pure shrine braves the stormy birth of
whirlwind, hail, and levin—
Its pillars rest on mother-earth, but the dome is
high in heaven!
Though Eros' temple-basis lies on passion's lava-
rock,
*The heav'nward summits pierce the skies above
the thunder-shock!*

I would our kindred hearts had met in less of
clouds and gloom—
Our hands are clasped, our cheeks are wet above
a recent tomb.
Yet love that springs from woe, 'tis said, like
woe is deep and true :
The tears that wept the early dead may rise in
flow'rs anew.
As nature's most ambrosial bow'rs above de-
struction wave,*
No seldom rose and orange flowers have
blossom'd o'er the grave.
Yet me, it seems, a phantom waits the "silent
land" before,
And who so pass those gloomy gates, they shall
return no more.
The rosy crown shall ne'er be mine—I bear the
cypress bough,
A colder, whiter hand than thine is press'd
upon my brow.
But if in other worlds the souls may meet that
lov'd in this,
Ours shall embrace, beyond the poles, in unity
of bliss—
As wave with wave commingling rolls, our
blending spirits kiss.

* An allusion, probably, to the fertility of the soil
that covers extinct volcanoes.

A BREEZE THROUGH THE FOREST.

THE sounding forest towers
Through the tinted blossom showers—
Green heavens raining flowers,
 Like my heart in the days that are
 gone.

The simplest weed that grows
Vies in radiance with the rose,
And the turtle-doves repose
 Hid in vines, like the loves that are
 gone.

O thousand-pillared shrine
Of an Architect divine !
What chancel meet as thine
 For praise to the days that are gone !

Young fronds embrace the air,
And all gorgeous hues and rare
Tinge the luscious fruits they bear,
 Like my dreams in the days that are
 gone.

But oh ! what forest hath
Such unforgotten path
As the haunted fairy rath
 Where we met in the days that are
 gone ?

For an Irish Venus there,
Twining shamrocks in her hair,
Smiled a glory through the air
 Pure as dawn in the days that are gone.

Oh ! the soul within her eyes,
And our mingled tears and sighs—
Hush ! in Irish clay she lies ;
 Hang a pall o'er the days that are gone.

Now a wailing phantom there
Wrings the death-dew from her hair,
Gazing westwards in despair
 Through the mist, where the black
 ships have gone.

Thou shalt not long alone
O'er our joy's abandoned throne
To the midnight breezes moan
 O'er the hopes of the days that are
 gone.

My life is ebbing fast,
On the fiery southern blast
I spring to thee at last,
 First love of the days that are gone.

Prophetic shadows loom
O'er my spirit from the tomb—
In glory, or in gloom,
 Thou art mine, by the days that are
 gone.

.
There too the white-thorn blows
O'er the mother's dust, whose woes
One heart—one only—knows ;
 Child of tears, it is well thou art gone.

As I bore thee home to die,
The lark filled all the sky ;
'Twas thine angel's call on high—
 Let us pray for the souls that are gone.

I miss the cloister bells
Through the ruin hallowed dells,
The round towers and holy wells,
 That were part of the days that are
 gone.

And the friends—alas! how few—
In the hours of anguish true,
Whose inmost hearts I knew,
 In the fire of the days that are gone.

And the dreams that once I dreamed
Of a nation's soul redeemed
From the hell in which she seemed
 A saint in the days that are gone.

Oh, the joy of falling then
In the front of armed men,
Laurelled victors, ne'er again
 To crouch, as in days that are gone!

How gladly would I pour
My heart's enchaliced gore
In libation on thy shore!
 But I raved in the days that are gone.

And in my lonely hours
I clomb the Baal-fire tow'rs
In their drapery of flow'rs,
 There to muse in the days that are
 gone.

And the stars were not too high
For my wingèd soul to fly ;
And I saw with raptured eye
God, through all, in the days that are
gone.

Still the tomb, the rath, the shrine,
And love's memories divine,
O rich in tears ! are thine,
Widowed queen of the days that are
gone.

Sad isle of chains and graves,
Though thy sons are slaves of slaves,
I bless thee o'er the waves
For the sake of the days that are gone.

Thus memory, like a breeze
Through the strong and silent trees,
Bowed my manhood, strewing these
Withered leaves of the days that are
gone.

NOT FOR ME.

CARELESS of the dark Hereafter,
Fairy childhood's magic laughter
Lightly rings from floor to rafter,—

Not for me !

Sunset's angel fondly hovers
O'er the sheltering copse that covers
All the world to whispering lovers—
Not for me ! Not for me !

Love—the heart's immortal story !
Young, though Earth and Time be hoary,
Burns—shall burn—in fervid glory—

But not for me.

Passion's tide hath ebb'd for ever—
Dearest friendships wane and sever—
Murdered love reviveth never,
Never ! Never ! more for me.

Not for me, in sylvan alleys,
Leafy nooks and happy valleys,
Loveliness confiding dallies,

Woe is me !

Last farewells are writ and spoken
Sooner were the dead awoken,
Than renewed the jewel broken,
Woe is me! Woe is me!

Soon shall thrill the love-bird's measure—
Spring unfold her living treasure,
Nature's smile in vernal pleasure—
Not for me.
Shadows veil the moon's reflection,
Blushes rise without detection,
Whispers thrill with pure affection,
Not for me. Not for me.

Irish harps no more shall fire me,
Irish Beauty's lips inspire me—
Mute I mourn tho' joy desire me—
Woe is me!

Once the song not thus was wasted,
Beauty's burning lips untasted—
Ah, how swiftly summer hasted!
Woe is me. Woe is me.

THE VOICE OF JUNE.

PASSING along through the maze of years,
Moving to music of tuneful spheres,
I come from the bloom of my Southern bow'rs,
To spangle the vale with my starry flow'rs ;
With thin, floating vest, and loosened zone,
I am bride of the Sun on his high golden throne ;
He reclines on my breast in his noontide glow,
And his fiercest beams round my hot brow flow,
I drink in the fire of his warmest sigh—
For the bride of the royal Sun am I.

My sisters have sprinkled the April showers,
And called forth the leaves in the mild May
 bowers,
They have decked them with pearls and em-
 erald sheen,
And flung forth my banner of verdant green ;
They wept precious dewdrops at night o'er the
 lawn,
Then kissed the moist flowers in the blush of
 the dawn ;
But still there was wanting to light up the
 scene
The life-giving smile of the fair Summer Queen.

So I come o'er the Alps and the wild Pyrenees,
From the climes of soft Asia, far o'er the seas,
To make all my verdure and loveliness thine !
Dear Isle of the ocean, Green Gem of the sea,
I abandon my fanes to return to thee !

'Neath the burning wheels of my golden car,
The fountains are freed from their chains of spar ;
They spring forth in mirth from their pure cool
caves,

And dance through the forest with joyful waves.
The sigh of the gale through the trees is mute,
Or soft as the sound of a lover's lute ;
The tremulous Zephyrus languidly blows
And sips the pale nectar concealed in the rose ;
Or, fainting with fragrance, he tremblingly
breathes

Over jessamine, blue bells, and primrose wreaths,
My charming spells even Neptune beguile,
Who is calm and serene to my witchery's smile,
He kisses my lip as I'm sinking to rest,
Descending his waves to my couch in the west.
Sweet choristry swells on the whispering gale,
The yellow bloom bends in the smiling vale,
The spirit of gladness bounds over the hills,
Plays in the elm bows, laughs in the rills.
*All Nature's in motion, and sunlight and love,
While the Spirit of Gladness is hov'ring above.*

Lo ! fanning the breeze with his odorous wings,
The Spirit of Perfume his fragrancy brings ;
The roses droop down as he flies o'er their beds,
And sweet-scented showers from each pure
 pinion sheds ;
And the Spirit of Music is out on the gale
And pours his sweet song over valley and dale ;
The airs are all balmy, the warblers rejoice,
And the bells of the flow'rets are thrilled at
 his voice ;
The white hawthorn blossom its snowy fringe
 bends,
The murmuring stream from its castle descends,
Now stealing o'er mosses, now winding through
 flow'rs,
And sparkling o'er pebbles in noontide hours.

I have deepened the tints of the garden's hues,
And sprinkled the petals with crystal dews,
I have called forth the song, and the smile, and
 the sigh,
I have silvered the clouds of the deep blue sky,
I have laden the branches with purple and gold,
And cast o'er the mountains my green robe's
 fold,
I have brought forth the cypress in sorrow to
 bloom
O'er the tear-lit turf of the early tomb,

I delight to make ever the long grass wave
And shadow with verdure the youthful grave.
Yet think not on sorrow, rejoice while you may,
For my chariot is rushing—I must not stay ;
And circle your brow with the red rose leaves
'Neath the quivering shade that the aspen
weaves,

Where the strawberry tendrils their arms en-
twine

And the fruits in thick clusters all purple
shine.

Although there be many a dark-flashing eye
That shall lose all its light ere the sere-leaf die,
Rejoice in the hour of your strength and your
bloom,

Nor reflect that the herbage is fresh on your
tomb,

That shall never decay till beneath it laid deep,
You shall silently slumber in death's long sleep.

Away, then, away to the wildwood bow'rs !
And wreathe you with lovely tho' fleeting flow'rs,
Let laurel hang down with its cooling bloom,
From the sanguine flakes of the warrior's plume.
Let Beauty recline with the soft rose rolled
Through the shining rings of her hair of gold :
Rejoice, oh, rejoice in your glory's day,
*For the dark grave yawns, and I must away *

While waters are sparkling and music is
gushing,
While zephyrs are sighing and amaranths
blushing,
While the smooth sea heaves to the gentle
moon,
Away, away to the still leafy glade !
To carol glad songs in th' enamelled shade ;
The time must come that dissolves my spell—
Away to the forest ! Farewell ! Farewell !

February, 1843.

ERIN.

I DREAMT that a lion lay bleeding in fetters,
Fast bound on an isle of the far Western
wave,
And I saw on his front, scarred with fire-branded
letters,
“Behold the Earth’s scorned one—a *satisfied*
slave.”

O Erin, alas ! is thy green robe so faded,
Since tyrants have blasted thy beautiful
plains ?
Are thy sons—oh, how fallen !—so deeply
degraded,
As tamely to list to the clank of their chains ?

Poor serf! canst thou slumber? I feel my blood
burning,

I sink—crimsoned o'er with the blushes of
shame: ~

Arise! and the thrall of your fell despots
spurning,

Give the harp-blazoned banner to battle and
fame.

Do the deep echoes mock me, or hear I a sound
As of far-distant billows collecting their might,
While hollowly thunder-peals mutter around?

Yes! Yes! Lo the nation's upspringing to
fight!

At length the dread spirit of Liberty rallies:

Hark! list how the crown-crushing avalanche
roars!

Arouse ye to war from your thousand green
valleys,

Be strong as the ocean that lashes your shores.

Brave bondsmen, arise! shout aloud o'er the
waters,

"We swear by our altars, our sires, and their
graves,

No longer, loved land, shall thy sorrowing
daughters

Be consorts and mothers of spiritless slaves."

In the shock of the conflict, our wild harp up-
 rearing,
 Spill freely the best blood each bosom affords ;
 Heaven prosper the shamrock—wreathed ensign
 of Erin,
 And, God of the Patriot, breathe on our
 swords.

October, 1841.

MELPOMENE.

[The Goddess of Tragedy addresses her sisters.]

MINE are the tears from deepest passion wrung!
 My harp with chords of broken hearts is strung !
 From me, in ev'ry land, in ev'ry age,
 Has streamed the brightest glow of Genius'
 page.

In classic Greece 'twas mine alone to inspire
 The noblest raptures of the Attic lyre.
 By me Medea swims through crimson waves,
 And, Fury-tortured, wild Orestes raves ;
 The tyrant Œdipus to earth is hurled—
 The curse and horror of the affrighted world.
 I show the Gods' high justice, sure though late—
 Avenging Furies and relentless Fate—

The poisoned goblet, the ensanguined hilt,
The self-tormenting agonies of guilt.
The midnight murderer shuns the sacred light,
From Hades' hell-dogs fleeing with affright ;
While sin-born phantoms people all the gloom,
Or make the palace fouler than the tomb,
And snake-bound demons blast his staring eyes,
Till by his own red hand despairing Murder dies !
I also sing the hero in distress ;
The might divine of suffering holiness ;
The noble Regulus—Virginia's fate—
A tyrant trampled, and a rescued State.
I point to Cæsar, in his power and pride,
With hundred daggers gleaming in his side.
I show how Virtue, cherished of the Gods,
Victorious combats against fearful odds.
Each slumbering passion at my nod appears ;
I fire to rage or melt to tender tears.
I wave my wand, and lo ! the tranquil sage,
The jealous lover, moves across the stage ;
The maid distraught, the proud and cruel queen,
Hate, Envy, Madness, stalk along the scene.
A solemn horror rises at my will ;
The lips are breathless and the pulses still.
And who, save me, from Agannippe's wave
Can rule the shapes of Memory's magic cave,
Recall the past, and bid it live anew,
With iris tintings, making truth more true ?

Idle Erato's every short-lived dream,
And Clio's annals, dry and frigid seem ;
Let light Terpsichore enjoy the dance ;
May, too, Calliope her claims advance ;
Thalia smile, and sweet Euterpe sing ;
In higher realms I spread a stronger wing.
What human heart has e'er approached my
throne,

Nor captive bowed in worship, all my own ?
The warrior's cheek in hundred battles brent,
I send back tearful, child-like, to his tent.
Youth I instruct ; rejuvenate the old ;
Temper the rash, and vivify the cold.
My sceptre waves o'er every land and clime,
The stay of Virtue, but the scourge of Crime.
I claim a kingdom ancient as the day
When man first felt and owned the passions'
sway ;

For every Muse but ministers to me—
I am your queen, as I shall ever be ;
Yet raise you all to share my rightful throne,
And shed o'er each a glory not her own !
To me, then, sisters, bow your laurels down—
The Tragic Queen alone should wear the crown.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

August 9th, 1856.

PROLOGUE FOR "CATO."

[Written in 1841 for a performance in the Theatre of
the Lay College, Carlow.]

TO-NIGHT we try to picture on our stage
The by-gone glories of a vanished age,
To bring once more the great in soul to view,
And wake a sparkle of his fire in you.
'Tis true the cypress droops and aspens wave
And night winds whisper over Cato's grave—
Embalmed in tears the matchless hero lies,
But it is false to say the patriot dies.
No, tried in fire, his name, by history's pen,
Shall live for ever in the minds of men.
I know the hero coldly sleeps in clay,
But yet not thus his fame shall pass away.
Spurning the tomb, aloft on starry wings,
Unscathed by death, immortal Virtue springs;
From sunniest climes to where dark tempest
folds
With stormy gloom the frozen zone, she holds
Her flight sublime, where spheres in music roll,
*And wafts the patriot's name in song from pole
to pole.*

Lo! Freedom, soaring from the Alpine hills,
 Her chosen son with inspiration fills!
 The stoic Roman and his generous band
 The shackle spurn, though gilt by Cæsar's hand—
 From tyrant sway to Afric's desert flies,
 And, ere a chain defiles, the godlike Cato dies.
 Here, too, appears—alas for human pride!
 The strongest bend, the noblest turn aside
 From duty's path when Love has breathed his
 spell.

Thus Porcius, Marcus, thus young Juba fell,
 Who, while o'er Rome and Cato ruin hung,
 Could list the music of a maiden's tongue.

Oh! there's a spell in dangerous woman's eyes,
 A lurking lightning in their softness lies,
 A maddening vapour is her gentlest sigh,
 Within whose magic peace and honour die—
 Man bows a captive in the treacherous wile,
 And blindly barter Heaven for a smile.

Behold Sempronius—lawless passions lead
 To falsehood—treason—every ruthless deed.
 And Syphax more. But why on treachery
 dwell?

Alas! poor Erin knows this theme too well.

Will any gaze with cold, with tearless eyes
While Cæsar triumphs and while Cato dies,
Nor abject deem the tyrant's hateful crown
Before the grave where slumbers pure renown?

Apply the moral! Oh, resolve to be—
Were life the price—for ever proudly free!
Did yellow Tiber flow through lovelier bow'rs?
Did Cato vaunt a fairer land than ours?
Or, when his soul indignantly withdrew,
Fell there a star that Heaven could not
renew?

No! for our isle can boast high heroes still,
Of happier genius and of equal will;
And daughters fair, replete with nobler fire
Than Marcia's, borrowed from her awful sire.
How sweetly wisdom warbles from their lips,
Whose mental charms their beauties e'en eclipse,
With woman's hope and man's indignant pride
To more than manly fortitude allied,
Who keenly feel, yet firmly bear our wrongs,
And only speak their grief in Erin's mourning
songs.

But I have wandered. Briefly, then, to end:
As each one here we know to be a friend,
We dread not censure for our toils to find—
For that, fair friends, would surely be unkind.

We've sanguine hopes to please—our stay is this,
That friends will praise though much may be
amiss.

Then judge us not too harshly, but allow
Fair friendship's smile to smooth your critic's
brow.

The arduous task to wake the dead be ours,
'Tis yours to draw the honey from the flow'rs.

THE FAIRIES OF KNOCKSHEGOWNA.*

A RUSTLING, whirling sound sweeps by,
Like leaves on an Autumn breeze,
Though, since sunset fled, there was scarce a sigh
To stir the slumbering trees ;
And a troop comes forth from the moonlit bower
With such mist-like motion on,
That you may not find an injured flower
Where their coursers' hoofs have gone.
They glide along o'er the dewy banks,
On their viewless filmy wings,
And anon and again from their restless ranks
Their fairy laughter rings.

* The name of a Fairy Hill in Lower Ormond, and means Oonagh's Hill,—so called from being the fabled residence of Una the Faerie Queene of Spenser.

In lonely dells, where the starbeams fall
But on fern, and lake, and tree,
Nor eye profane the mirth may mar,
I have heard their minstrelsie.
To the fitful song of the haunted stream
The aerial numbers flow ;
And their tiny spears in the starlight gleam
To the burden to and fro.
Away ! quick march ! through the ruined arch,
At the sound of the nutshel gong—
And here shall halt, at the Viking's vault,
And chant him a battle song.
Now, left and right, in the moon's pale light,
Low'r your flags as the Monarch comes ;
In the Elfin ring is the Elfin king—
Ding-a-dong go the Elfin drums !
With the glow-worm's gem in his diadem
For this festal pageant lit,
The beetle booms through the hawthorn blooms,
And the bats through the branches flit.
Advance ! advance ! for a farewell dance,
Ere the nightly pomp is o'er ;
From a mushroom's cone shall our pipers drone—
The sward our elastic floor ;
While phooka horse holds his frantic course
O'er wood and mountain fall,
And the banshees croon a rhythmic rune
From the crumbling, ivied wall !

In the noon of night, o'er the stormy hill,
The fairy minstrels play ;
And the strain, replete with fantastic dreams,
On the wild gust flits away.
Then the sleeper thinks, as the dreamful song
On the blast to his slumbers comes,
That his nose as the church's spire is long,
And, like its organ, hums !
And when they spread their filmy wings
In the dim moon's waning ray,
Strange meteors dance, and the glittering rills
Seem showering fiery spray.
And deep when booms the solemn toll
Of the distant cloister bells,
The clang, and the clash, and the tambour roll
Of their midnight music swells.
Their beamy spears, and crests, and shields,
The lated wanderer sees,
And their blazoned banners flap and fly
And rattle on the breeze.

'Tis thus, in martial panoply,
The Genii of the wold,
With Elfin pomp and minstrelsy,
Their nightly revels hold.

COME WITH ME O'ER OHIO.

COME with me o'er Ohio,
Among the vines of Indiana,
Or nearer to the tropic glow,
Its gorgeous plumes and vast banana,
Its teeming vales and waters rife,
Rich foliage, shining fruits abundant,
Superfluous springs of fiery life,
From nature's burning heart redundant.
Desert a land of corse and slave,
Of pauper woe and tinsel splendour ;
Poor Eire now is all a grave,
And gone the few who dared defend her.
For her they freely perilled all,
And braved the darkest fate serenely,
But when "God's Truth" shall lift their pall,
Their wreath for aye shall bourgeon greenly.
Behold a newer world reveal
For us her bosom rich and ample,
Whereon, dear girl, the gory heel
Of British greed shall never trample.
Not there shall loom her dungeon bars—
Her "Felon Flag" no more shall blast us ;
But Freedom's sign of clustered Stars,
A glorious omen, glitter past us.

And from the soft, luxuriant soil
 Spontaneous flowers shall spring between us,
 And plenty bless the joyful toil
 Of Ceres minist'ring to Venus.
 With armed hand, at break of day,
 I'll climb for thee the mountain eyrie;
 And chase till noon the antlered prey
 Through sounding wood and waving prairie.
 And health shall keener zest afford
 Than cups of gold to every trifle
 That decks our simple cottage board—
 The casual spoil of net or rifle.

There is a love the poets dream
 In cloudland's flow'ry realms ideal;
 But that which springs from true esteem
 Alone is lasting, deep, and real.
 I saw thee, cheerful, bold, and calm,
 Subdue the tear that fain had risen—
 Each word and gesture pouring balm
 Upon the wounded hearts in prison.
 I saw thee daily bravely bear
 The tasks that make a sister's duty;
 And never woman seems so fair
 As when Affection lights up Beauty.
 And well I know thy gentle breast
 Has felt, with maiden intuition,
 That luxury's ignoble rest
 Is far beneath our destined mission.

We leave the slave's, the trickster's whine,
The bigot's howl, the rage of faction,
To fell the oak, and plant the vine,
And live in earnest useful action.
Bring not grey Europe's silk or gems,
A candid soul is ample dowry
Where Freedom laughs at diadems,
Beside the thunder-toned Missouri.
Ten thousand herds approach her rills—
A thousand verdurous valleys feed 'em—
Her torrents, from a thousand hills,
Rush in delirious joy of freedom.
Around our forest cottage door,
The grape, untrained, shall fondly cluster,
And fling at eve, thy bosom o'er,
A sunset flush of wine-rich lustre.

'Tis night, and hark the mighty floods
Upon their march to ocean singing—
The wild winds harping through the woods,
Or distant signal-rifles ringing ;
And lo ! a thousand prairie colts,
In trampling charge around their leader,
Rush onward like the thunderbolts
Among the crashing trunks of cedar.
And when we seek the Maker's throne—
Our temple-roof the zenith o'er us—
Our organ-psalm shall be the tone
Of Nature's universal chorus :

And loud o'er all life-symphonies
The awful, everlasting thunder
Of Erie-Falls, as when the seas,
Up-bursting, smote our globe asunder !
And thou shalt kneel as knelt thy sires—
Thy valiant sires—in arms before Him ;
While I with faith, through penal fires
Two hundred years intact, adore Him.

Let gloomy bigots rave, and seek
Their neighbours' souls to hellward hustle—
The nine choired Heaven is not a clique—
The Lord of Hosts is not a Russell.
But *we* shall teach, all lore above,
The youthful heart to Truth aspirant,
Of God and man sublimest love,
And mortal hate to knave and tyrant.
For he blasphemes the bounteous God
His likeness in the soul who lessens,
And strives to quench, with chain and rod,
Immortal Freedom's holy essence.
And may it be, in later time,
If thy dear voice o'er ocean called him,
His gallant heart might seek our clime,
Who suffers now in distant thralldom.
Oh ! how that heart would bound to find
Above our happy home, before him,
The starry symbol, on the wind,
Of God's eternal banner o'er him !

And when the hour, predestined, tolls,
That freezes life's diminished fountains,
We'll see descend, with tranquil souls,
Our lost sun o'er the Rocky Mountains.
Come! let us fly to Freedom's sky,
Where love alone hath power to bind us,
There honoured live, lamented die,
And leave a spotless name behind us!

March 1st, 1851.

LONGING.

"Ah, my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."—D. F. MACCARTHY.

I WISH I was home in Ireland,
For the Summer will soon be there,
And the fields of my darling sire-land
To my heart will be fresh and fair.

Down where the deep Blackwater
Glides on to its ocean rest,
*And the hills, with their green-clad bosoms,
Roll up from the river's breast.*

To sit where the waters murmur
To the birds in the bending trees,
While the silver wavelets glitter,
Stirred by the evening breeze.

To watch while the silent fisher
Quivers his trembling line,
Where the trout from the golden river
Bound to the red sunshine.

While the song of the distant milker
Comes down with the evening cloud,
And the mist from the lowland valleys
Steals up like a snow-white shroud.

To muse where the deep Blackwater,
Like a courser, comes bounding in,
With a rush, through the marble arches
That span it by Cappelquin.

Where the dews on the woodlands glitter,
And the rocks rise so tall and grand,
And when all living things are happy,
But the sons of that hapless land.

For they sit by the stranger's waters,
As did Israel's sons of yore,
And their harps are hung on the willows,
And their hearts, they are crushed and sore.

As if from a plague-struck country,
Far off flies the sun-brown Gael,
And his voice in the land that bore him
Is sunk to a fainting wail.

Like leaves in the Autumn tempest,
Or clouds in the Wintry wind,
Is he sweeping from green old Ireland,
While the Tyrant remains behind.

To waste his young life in sadness,
And toiling from day to day,
To long for a glimpse of Erin,
Ere he sleep in his bed of clay.

I wish I was home in Ireland,
For the flowers will soon be there,
Clothing each vale and highland,
And loading the perfumed air.

For, in spite of the Saxon's scowlings,
The land to my heart is dear,
And to be but one day in Ireland
Were worth a whole lifetime here.

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